

Sewanee Review

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APRIL-JUNE, 1934

Editorial 129

A meditation in a self-examining spirit provoked by the earnest criticism of one of the Agrarian saints of the Nashville apostolic twelve.

The Red Japonicaby Clarence E. Cason 135

Continuing the discussion of the present changes in the mind of the South, Mr. Cason symbolizes the continuing values of the rural South in his title and shapes his discussion under the frames provided by the Agrarian symposium, I'LL TAKE MY STAND. The author is Professor of Journalism in the University of Alabama and is a frequent contributor to national magazines, as well as a contributor to the recent liberal symposium published by the University Press of the University of North Carolina, CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

Paul and Virginia (poem) John Wheelwright 144

A poem, inspired by a sojourn in Charleston, written by a New England architect which reflects a Boston attitude toward the charm and beauty of the Old South.

Overture. (poem) Eron Dunbar Rowland 145

The author is the wife of the State Historian of Mississippi, who is known as an authority on the career and mind of Jefferson Davis. She was awarded the degree of Doctor of Letters by the University of the South in June, 1933.

The Commodity Dollar Frederick Horner Bunting 146

The money theories of Professor Warren, one of President Roosevelt's advisors, are subjected to examination and found wanting by Mr. Bunting. The author is a graduate of the University of the South and for several years studied at Christ Church, Oxford.

Arnold's Succession—1850-1914 Leonard Brown 158

In effect, this is a critical survey of contemporary poetry in which appraisals are frankly made from the point of view of Matthew Arnold's achievement. The author is a member of the English Department of Syracuse University and is one of the editors of the newly-founded literary magazine edited in Syracuse, "Avenue".

Arnold Bennett's Trifles Elizabeth D. Wheatley 180

Mrs. Wheatley, a resident of Greenwood, Mississippi, has contributed reviews and articles to this Quarterly. She will be recalled as the author of the essay on Norman Douglas which attracted widespread attention and favor. Selecting Bennett's "novels for the gay middle-aged" for comment, she indicates the off-stage Bennett.

The Traitor (sonnets) Richmond P. Beatty 190

Mr Beatty received his doctorate in philosophy from Vanderbilt University. He is now Professor of English in the State Teachers' College at Memphis, Tennessee and is one of an interesting group of writers of that city who have recently established their own magazine.

Petition (poem) Eron Dunbar Rowland 192

Facing Futility Harvey Curtis Webster 193

Not only is this incisively written essay a sympathetic and interpretative criticism of Aldous Huxley's novels, but it is at the same time an estimate of Huxley's significance in the present reconstructive efforts to turn the flank of contemporary utilitarianism. Mr. Webster is a member of the Department of English of the University of Michigan.

Mr. Stoll's Shakspeare William S. Knickerbocker 209

While this contribution is occasioned by the recent publication of Professor E. E. Stoll's ART AND ARTIFICE IN SHAKESPEARE, in intention and effect it reaches beyond its title to a criticism of the present impasse between Shakspearean scholarship and Shakspearean interpretation. Mr. Stoll's portrait as "Scholar in Chains" is symbolic with a generic scope.

Equestrian Edd Winfield Parks 228

The author contributed to I'LL TAKE MY STAND and to CULTURE IN THE SOUTH. He is also co-editor of THE GREAT CRITICS, recently published. He is Professor of English in Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee.

The Catholic Church Faces Hitlerism... John Brown Mason 229

A sympathetic disclosure of the heroic rôle now being played in Germany by the Roman Catholic Church against the constricting effects of Nazi paganism. The author is a Protestant; a member of the Department of History in the University of Denver.

We, The Invaders Kathleen Sutton 237

This poem is part of the growing scriptures of the Agrarian agitation in the South. The author is a well-known member of the Poetry Society of Alabama.

BOOK REVIEWS:

1. Idealism Without Illusion *Maurice Halperin* 238
 2. Fossilized Shakespeare *Arthur E. DuBois* 240
 3. The Promise of Catholicism *C. F. Harrold* 244
 4. Dawn in Canada *S. Ichiyé Hayakawa* 247
 5. Answers *Edgar L. Pennington* 251
 6. Newman versus Froude *Arthur E. DuBois* 253
 7. Stock Taking *Henry A. Pochmann* 255
 8. The Merry Scholar *Frances W. Knickerbocker* 256
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THE SEWANEE REVIEW,
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APRIL-JUNE, 1934

Sewanee Review

[Founded 1892]

EDITED BY

WILLIAM S. KNICKERBOCKER

TENNESSEE is not a very rich State but it has a peculiar character: it is aware of itself more or less, and possesses some distinctions which, apart from its Belasco scenery and its sentimentalized mountain-whites and acclimated negroes, differentiate it from the general blur of what is referred to in the peculiar terminology of one of its groups of thinkers as "the South". It has four urban foci and three main cultural divisions. Knoxville, at present the center of the new national experiment for the Tennessee Valley Improvement project, is the cultural capital of East Tennessee and shows the results of the energy, enterprize, and initiative of its forward-looking citizens. Middle Tennessee is dominated by Nashville and Chattanooga; while West Tennessee is reflected in the Parisian gaiety, touched with the amiable languors of the deep South, of Memphis—the Paradise of Planters. Between Nashville and Chattanooga lies Sewanee, a tiny academic hamlet on a forested plateau, keenly aware of what is going on in its immediate environs and daring to radiate its achieved way of living and its well-articulated philosophy; fighting for various "lost causes" in various ways; and confident that its drama of quietness and assurance preserves the high secret that America, if not the modern world, needs and badly needs.

Tennessee is, indeed, a world unto itself. It, too, is aware of its contradictions symbolized in the memories of the two Presidents it has contributed to the United States: Andrew Jackson who regretted on his deathbed that he failed to hang John C. Calhoun for the latter's radical political theories; and Andrew

Johnson, the Unionist Civil War military governor. So vivid is the spirit of independent action in Tennessee that the tensions which exist there would be in microcosm a mirror of the modern world.

Sleepy and dilapidated as the State may seem to the casual window-watcher in a Pullman crossing Tennessee from Knoxville to Chattanooga there is more there than meets the eye. He will not know as he passes the little railroad station at Cowan that above him, on the plateau, some fifteen miles away at Summerfield is the Socialist experimental school for Tennessee natives. He will not know that the Episcopal order of St. Mary's nuns has a school justly known for its intelligent regimen and its fine results in rearing the mountain girls of the region to lives of religious beauty and efficient ways. He will not know of the handsome monastery and school of the Episcopal order of the Fathers of the Holy Cross. He will not know of the Summer Assembly of the Protestant Evangelicals at Monteagle. When he reaches Nashville, he may not know that that city possesses the first—and perhaps only—orchestrated and programmed cultural movement in America: the group of poets, economists, and essayists collectively known as "The Agrarians". He probably will not know that Tennessee possesses the only State Philological Association in America and the only State Association of Science.

When the traveller crosses into Tennessee, doubtless his first thought will have to do with William Jennings Bryan (for some reason he may have forgotten) and something about monkeys. He may, indeed, even look for monkeys in the streets of the straggling towns he passes through or perhaps in the trees. But there are no monkeys in Tennessee, except when the circus comes.

It is a necessity to dissent in Tennessee. Its Protestant traditions compel that. There are heliographers in abundance who reflect the light caught from afar but these, too, conform to the tradition. Even Catholicism in religion is dissent in Tennessee because of the prevailing protestantism. And of course whatever Sewanee or the SEWANEE REVIEW stands for must, in such a cultural environment, share the refracted light of its physical situation. Its dissent is, paradoxically, the assent of liberal totalitarianism stimulated by the sacramental elements of the Christian religion. The philosophy of Sewanee has been classically expressed

by its Angelical Doctor, the late William Porcher DuBose, in his various writings: particularly in "The Gospel in the Gospels". The cultural objective of the SEWANEE REVIEW was laid down by Matthew Arnold in "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" and in *Culture and Anarchy*.

"IT must needs be", wrote Arnold, "that men should act in sects and parties, that each of these sects and parties should have its organ subserve the interests of its action; but it would be well, too, that there should be a criticism, not the minister of these interests, not their enemy, but absolutely and entirely independent of them."

It is difficult of course for a critic possessed by an idea or a creed—as Messrs. Granville Hicks, Michael Gold, or John Dos Passos are possessed by Marxism, or Mr. Seward Collins by Fascism, or Messrs. Ransom, Davidson, Lytle, and Tate by "Agrarianism"—to admit that there is any choice for a critic other than an active, propagandist one. They probably would dismiss Matthew Arnold with a shrug or a sneer; or perhaps they would not understand at all Arnold's language when he says: "The rush and roar of practical life will always have a dizzying and attractive effect upon the most collected spectator, and tend to draw him into its vortex . . . It is true that the critic has many temptations to go with the stream, to make one of a party movement, one of these *terrae filii*; it seems ungracious not to be a *terrae filius*, when so many excellent people are; but the critic's duty is to refuse, or if resistance is vain, at least to cry with Obermann: *Périssons en résistant*." Whatever may separate the propagandist critics named as examples, they are at least agreed on one point: that liberalism is dead and they are trying to bury it. Liberalism, not given to ready dismay to the obituaries of one-ideaed men, has patiently endured the manifestoes of its morticians while remembering the words of Burke: "If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope, will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs, will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate."

Perhaps this is what Mr. Donald Davidson in his essay in

Culture in the South (University of North Carolina Press, 1934) meant by his obscure reference to the SEWANEE REVIEW when he grudgingly conceded that the literary comment of this Quarterly on creative efforts in the South has been "lively but obtuse". (The diction of the Agrarians is one of the marks of their independence: possibly Mr. Davidson's apparent cancellation of "lively" by "obtuse" may be corrected by Burke's less evasive "perverse and obstinate".) It would be a betrayal of his partisan creed for Mr. Davidson to admit even the possible utility of error in the activity of those who do not share his viewpoint; and, as a partisan, he will not risk the tentative and ephemeral confusions which may periodically occur in the minds of those who as Liberals are engaged in the search for perfection through all the voices which are being inspired by it.

IF to seek perfection and not merely expression means to Mr. Davidson the effect of being "obtuse", then this Quarterly, which has always been "obtuse", must so continue. But when Mr. Davidson in his delightful yet provocative essay in the February *American Mercury* ("The Dilemma of the Southern Liberals") attempts to interpret Liberalism as Laodiceanism, and to argue that Southern Liberals have only one reasonable choice to make in the present crisis (and that, a choice between two modes of *action*: namely, between Nashville Agrarianism and Marxism) he reveals at last what a besieged Liberal has long suspected: that the Nashville Agrarians fail to understand the meaning or the necessity or the condition of Liberalism. Now, there is a vast difference between Liberalism and Laodiceanism: the latter (Laodiceanism derives its connotation from Revelation III, 15-16) is a lukewarm or indifferent state or attitude: while Liberalism is far from being that. "The Liberal", wrote Hobhouse, "does not meet opinions which he conceives to be false with toleration, as though they did not matter. He meets them with justice, and exacts for them a fair hearing as though they mattered just as much as his own. He is ready to put his own convictions to the proof, not because he doubts them, but because he believes in them."

The Liberal, however, has a detective eye for myths: social, religious, political, or other. Historical and scientific in his atti-

tude, his notion of putting his ideas "to the proof" does not mean the crafty construction of historical myths or of hypothetical presents. He may admire the fecund fancy which can successfully employ the "als ob" method of fictionalism for artistic purposes but he doubts even the pragmatic sanctions of the Vaihinger technique in the discussion or analysis or criticism of existing social or economic frames. So, when Mr. Davidson criticizes Southern Liberals one is almost led to believe by the persuasiveness of his rhetoric that there is some such group who, on reading his challenge, will immediately convene and take steps to vote themselves out of existence. Mr. Davidson, however, is indulging in one of the Agrarian myths which was early constructed in the secret counsels of the Apostolic Twelve of Nashville and which has gone unquestioned for so long that he and they have come to believe that there is what may be known as a party or group or congeries of Southern individuals who may be referred to collectively as "Liberals". Perhaps he was bolstered in his illusion by the impressive but misnamed *Liberalism in the South* by Virginus Dabney (University of North Carolina Press) which, apparently, was the immediate inspiration of his essay. But Mr. Dabney was tracing the biology of a liberal attitude, the respect for the dignity of the individual in the South and, if his book revealed anything, it revealed the solitary, unregimented, melancholy procession of high-minded individuals of different party allegiances and different religious and economic views who held primarily to a lofty conception of the necessity for humanitarianism in a region of the United States which needed and still needs efforts such as theirs. Mr. Davidson assumes without evidence that Southern Liberals have a platform, a program, and a plan as tightly and as rigidly conceived as his own Agrarian partisanism is. The clearest instance of what might have become the nucleus of a Liberal Party in the South was the passing and ineffectual episode of the North Carolina group of the closing decades of the last century of which Walter Hines Page and Woodrow Wilson were among the most energetic.

PERHAPS the highest tribute one may render Mr. Davidson for his essay is that he has provided the occasion for calling attention to the need of clarifying the concept of Liberalism and

of revealing the necessity for Southern Liberals to establish communication with each other. The sad truth is that, isolated from each other over a vast and mountainous region with poor communications and little incentive to meet personally, Southerners, liberal in temperament and outlook, are unable to discover techniques of integration and to arrive at a plan of articulation to withstand the savage however subtle attacks on the civilization of the bath-tub (industrialism, says Mr. Allen Tate, "rescues the miserable victim of wicked plantation exploitation by enticing him into the factory village—bathroom and kitchen sink, etc.") which the Agrarians are conducting.

Southern liberalism, as the published opinions and political conduct of Wilson and Page clearly reveal, is an harmonic conception. It refuses to oversimplify the history, the present state, and the immediate problems of the region and resolve them exclusively into the terms of any one group or set of interests. It suspects and resists the compulsions (experimental or permanent) inherent in the Communist concept or the confusions of unrestricted, anarchic individualism of the type which the Nashville Agrarians seem to be idealizing. It refuses to admit Mr. Davidson's dilemma that there is a choice between two modes of action or of propaganda—between Marxism and Nashville Yeomanism. Southern Liberalism sees another course: a course which is the more appealing because of its ready recognition of the demands of intelligence. Its mind is made up but not closed. It believes, as an initial postulate, in the necessity of liberty but it also believes that the condition of liberty is the organic exigency of growth. Social growth is a metabolism involving the corrections of concepts and improvements of instruments through energetic integrations of existing excellences; and of disengaging them from persisting cultural and implemental inadequacies. It must attend to the Philistine aggressiveness of the Nashville Agrarians who would rationalize by the Vaihinger method the state of inertia to social improvements which has characterized for more than half a century the bewildered and incompetent class of petty yeomen whose indifferent way of life they would restore and extend on a larger scale. There may be several dilemmas for Southern Liberals, but they do not happen to include the one Mr. Davidson proposes.

by Clarence E. Cason

THE RED JAPONICA

ON Sunday afternoons in spring motorists sometimes stop at little towns on the edge of the Alabama black belt to see the roses and japonicas. The roses are mostly of the cream-colored variety which climbs richly over brick walls. They are cool, luxurious, and restful like pearls and white satin. But the red japonicas are riotous and thrilling. There is nothing serene about them. Shining in the broad yards of old dwellings, their vitality each year is an emblem of reassurance. Through the winters they remain constant; in the spring they bloom.

Behind the japonicas, the houses are not pretentious, but they are rightly designed. Whoever built them possessed restraint and dignity of soul, and enough skill to express these qualities in form and line. The little towns on the edge of the Alabama black belt give the impression of being made up only of the very old and the very young, as if the population were composed of children on visits to their grandmothers. In everything one feels the lack of the contemporaneous. Here one can understand the background of Mr. Stark Young's observation that his conception of aristocracy hinged upon the memory of his uncle sitting quietly talking on the front porch throughout long summer evenings "one after another." The anomaly of life in these communities is that the people seem to believe that they have something worth preserving; the anachronism of their attitude is that it implies satisfaction with a past from which has been derived a present.

Good authority has it that one quiet Sunday afternoon an automobile of impressive dimensions, bearing a license tag from another state, dashed fiercely to a standstill in front of a brightly flowered yard in one of these towns. Descending vigorously and seizing his hat, the main occupant zestfully approached the white fence beyond which a woman was reading a book in a small summer house. "Madam," he called, pointing with a fat arm, "are those the largest japonicas in the world?" Startled, the woman

replied, that so far as she knew, the plants were not the largest in the world, but that they were considered very pretty. "Then," resumed the motorist, "is this the town that has more japonicas than other town in the world?" Unable to bear out her town's reputation in this regard, the woman closed her book in some bewilderment. "We think they are very pretty", she said, "especially the red ones." But the stranger turned on his heel in complete dismay. "We have driven a hundred and fifty miles over bad roads for nothing—they told us these japonicas were the largest in the world." Sharply replacing his hat, he slammed the door of his automobile, and was off in a wave of dust. Only a momentary glance had he bestowed in the general direction of the red japonicas themselves.

Thus it is that visitors are sometimes disappointed with the little communities on the edge of the Alabama black belt, for the inhabitants, being survivals of a somewhat antiquated system of values, cannot always readily appreciate the criteria of the cult of size and numbers. It is likely that they, although lovers of vines and blossoms, are totally unaware of the currently advertised philosophy of the Society of American Florists and Ornamental-Horticulturists: "Flowers lend an air of prosperity bound to make an impression on both prospect and customer." Never having thought of their cream-colored roses and red japonicas in just that light, the old-fashioned people of the small black belt towns have been looked upon with disdain by citizens of the bustling places which have "Twenty Thousand by 1940" as their slogans. Yet, they do seem to attach considerable significance to the blossoms for their own sake.

Of some importance may be the fact that the fertile lands inhabited by these people and their forbears have witnessed the only civilization in Alabama that has endured for as long a period as fifty years without convulsive change. Vaguely the people have been called aristocrats; but a more descriptive characterization would be to term them realists. They have been singularly removed from the fictions of the democratic revolution.

II.

More central than that such a surviving cultural strain is by nature Southern or agrarian is the fact that it broadly represents those isolated and self-contained groups which are to be en-

countered at intervals over most of the United States. Under the influence of contemporary psychological bias, it has been customary to refer to them as either ultra-conservative or backward. Those matured cultural groups identified with certain of the areas near Boston have the reputation of being ultra-conservative, and that expression carries a suggestion of imbedded wealth; but without economic superiority, the Southerner of established cultural status has been regarded as merely backward.

The two groups, one in New England and the other in the South, fundamentally possess in common the trait of having remained comparatively free from the swirls and eddies of transient enthusiasms. Anchored by acceptable traditions, bulwarked by a ripened and proved social order, secure in their own hierarchies, they have felt no urge to follow in the chaotic marches of those classes which have had everything to gain and nothing to lose by alterations in the social and economic structure.

The corresponding groups elsewhere in the United States are usually composed of the manufacturers who were the first in their localities to establish fortunes. Having first constituted a purely economic plutocracy, they later were able to establish political prestige, and finally, after gathering together in favored streets of their respective cities, they came to be considered aristocrats in the deeper and all-inclusive social sense. For it is social prestige that is the final criterion of position. Thus in Chicago, Omaha, and Los Angeles one hears of the old aristocratic families with certain clubs and streets reserved for their use. These are the people whom everyone else in these cities wishes to be like if possible, and in any case to imitate. That is one of the essential forces which drives the ambitious toward making money. They feel that economic abundance is necessarily the first step in the upward climb to aristocracy.

The most fragile element in American democracy is that it is usually considered a means by which everyone sooner or later can become an aristocrat. The paradox is that the conception of a levelled social order has involved principally a supposed opportunity for each citizen to rise above his fellows. Theoretically the most tangible modern proposals for human equality are involved in the socialism of Karl Marx, if not in the communism of Lenin; but the names of both these idealists are anathema to every American schoolboy. Having accepted through Thomas Jefferson,

Andrew Jackson, and Abraham Lincoln three strangely diverse pronouncements insisting upon the freedom of the individual from vested tyranny, we have as yet been unwilling as a people to decide upon any reasonable limits to that freedom. Unrestricted enterprise among individuals can result only in periodic divisions between the successful and the less fortunate, with consequent mass attacks of the unsuccessful against the more fortunate classes. Such a state of competition is contrary to the spirit of democracy in that it is based upon a constantly shifting weight of power and influence. Permanent equality among constituent individuals is basic to a democratic order.

III.

Throughout their political history the American people have been addressing their prayers to democracy, while their real faith has been in aristocracy. Their fundamental respect has been for constituted and superior authority; they still really believe in the divine guidance and perspicacity of kings. This phenomenon has been especially observable since historians isolated one of those periodic mass revolutions and termed it the rise of the common man. If a man of the people, through dint of successful manipulation of popular fancies and transient prejudices, is elected governor of a state, he often feels that his office mysteriously contributes to his nature certain lofty and majestic qualities. Immediately he has his portrait done in oils. Having subconsciously associated grandeur with the constituted office to which he has been elected, he is frequently followed in such a superstition by the citizens under his jurisdiction.

Belief in this expected metamorphosis is a psychic hold-over from the experiences of people under monarchical government, when they customarily recognized the king as a personage of superior equipment and power, and relied upon him to provide them with such welfare and safety as they were not able to secure for themselves.

Such a faith is often pathetic in its implications and results. Six years ago, for example, a majority of the American people firmly believed that Mr. Calvin Coolidge was responsible, through some power transcending their own comprehension, for the ease with which they were paying installments on automobiles and

radios. And it was quite as interesting to note their confidence that Mr. Herbert Hoover, because he was the president—the king—would be able to perpetuate their ecstatic purchasing of two cars for every garage and innumerable chickens for every pot. In fact, it is clear that people in most of the states regarded him as unaccountably cranky and stubborn for not exercising his divine prerogative to make them happy, and that they suitably punished him at the November elections in somewhat the same spirit that the French revolutionists beheaded the hapless King Louis. Having supposed that they had transfigured one of their own kind and number in 1928 by giving him a majority of their votes, these citizens, professing democracy, were outraged to find in him no supernatural aid in their individual desires to rise into what they considered the aristocracy.

IV.

With respect to the fabric of American civilization, the principal depredation of mass influence has been the substitution of a concern for size and numbers in place of a confidence in real human values. Basically our willingness to abide by the expressed preferences of the majority is a revelation of the weakness of the whole system. Only through an utter surrender to cynicism could any person of discrimination submit to the dictum that whatever the people want is at any given moment the proper basis of final authority. Upon realization, however, that popular fancies constitute an accessible source of power to-day in America, the cynic's course is clear. He sets out to manipulate the bias of the masses to his own advantage. His tool is propaganda. Newspaper circulations, advertising campaigns, allied luncheon clubs for men, federated women's societies, and sometimes the pulpit and school are at his command. For these agencies themselves find it possible to thrive upon the exploitation of popular susceptibilities and prejudices.

The moving picture is the characteristic American art. By the very nature of its production and distribution it must seek the lowest common denominator in taste, for its monetary cost demands a paying audience far larger than that required for the financial success of a stage play. The movie producer must know how many people will like his picture; the matter of what people will like it is of no consequence. When it is considered that in

most towns of the United States the moving picture show is the only form of public entertainment, one may be quite sure that its ultimate effect will tend toward the deterioration of sensitivity in art. Good taste is in constant jeopardy of losing its identity in the common melting pot.

Any art deliberately adjusted to the greatest possible number of people cannot be art which will either exalt the individual or illuminate life for him; it must by definition be made consonant with his existing state of mind. Established attitudes of the mass mind determine the nature of moving pictures. The Hollywood industry exemplifies the molding of art by the people; the spectacle presents the reverse of the ideal, which would be the molding of the people by authentic art. A similar analysis might be carried into the fields of music and literature.

Even more tangible than the results of mass consideration in art and literature is the effect that it has produced upon education. After all, poetry and painting of the highest order could be expected to exert only a limited effect upon a national civilization. But the confidence placed in the public education systems of the country has been enormous. True education, it was once thought, might raise the level of popular intelligence sufficiently to guarantee a real democracy in the United States. In the light of current tendencies, however, the question is whether democracy has not affected public education considerably more than education has influenced the national spirit and intelligence.

The constant emphasis of educational leaders upon the advantages which schooling is supposed to bestow upon the individual—by which they mean advanced social and economic position for himself—is in its nature an affront to the principles inherent in democracy. Only by contributing to the public welfare, rather than to individual aggrandizement, can publicly supported education justify itself. In the universal misstatement of the aims of the public schools resides only another instance of the effort to please the palate of the patient instead of ministering to his physical needs. The proper aim of public instruction is not to give every boy and girl an equal chance to rise competitively above his fellows; on the other hand, its objective, properly interpreted, must center upon giving the whole body of the people a chance to survive against the unintelligence of their own mass force. That is to say, its concern is to preserve culture.

But the same kind of psychic memories which have led our contemporaries to expect majesty and divine power in their governmental officials have brought them a false trust in popular education. Through their past racial experience they have associated education with the aristocracy. Hence, they have depended upon democratic education to make them all aristocrats. Themselves frequently under the same spell, or else willing to adopt a thoroughly cynical attitude, the leaders of American public education in a lamentable number of cases have been content to exploit this misapprehension.

When Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Lynd decry in "Middletown" the lack of emphasis upon cultural studies in a representative public school system, they fail to allow for the fact that a modicum of culture is essential to an appreciation of the value of such studies. The sad truth is that the unlettered majorities, to whose vague faith the schools have been trying to minister, simply do not possess that modicum. To them the only impressive values consist of size and numbers. And this is natural for the reason that their importance as a deciding force is derived solely from their own size and numbers. They depend upon magnitude, and therefore, respect it. Like the moving picture magnates, the public school leaders unfortunately feel that they must conform.

V.

The gravest hazards lurk in our failure to recognize the transient and unsubstantial character of popular evaluations. This fact once was vividly illustrated to me by an incident which occurred in connection with a new athletic field house and a small antiquated astronomical observatory at a huge university which I was visiting. The field house was said to be the largest of its kind in the world, and it was the special pride of those who were conducting me about the campus. Its gargantuan masses of brick seemed to bulk everlastingly larger and larger as new views of its unending circumference were revealed to our sight as we drove around the outside walls. All at once, nestled forlornly in the shadow of the glistening tabernacle for basket-ball, there appeared the weather-beaten gray stone and curved tin roof of the astronomical observatory. Someone asked where the new observatory was situated, but our guide only smiled tolerantly and said that

astronomy did not draw students any more. Looking at the two buildings, one could tell that at least one-third of the sky would be obscured by the hulking walls of the immense new structure in case an observer should try to use the telescope mounted under the rusting roof of the diminutive old stone house. It suddenly dawned upon me that the people there could no longer see the stars because of the field house. And the strange terror of that realization is unforgettable. The faculty of that university, incidentally, boasted a professor who combined the disciplines of Greek, journalism, and advertising—a sage scholar who was taking no chances on which way the weather-vane might blow.

Finally, the popular reliance upon magnitude as an ultimate value has been demonstrated conspicuously in the recent phenomena of urbanization and mass production. The fashion has been for adverse critics to lay the woes of this age at the feet of industrialism. What they have sometimes neglected to say, however, is that manufacturing as such does not necessarily stand at odds with humanitarian values. Industrialism becomes unsound and deleterious only when it stresses numbers as the sole end for which it strives. American mass production is not the core of our present distress; it is no more than a symptom of the all-pervading mythology which has overestimated the worth of mere size. Concerted movements of the population to cities has been another aspect of the trust in unreality. Of recent years it has been tacitly assumed that living in a big city contributed a superiority to each inhabitant. Delightful little towns have fidgeted and squirmed in embarrassment, and have sought promotion schemes to increase their populations, asking nothing of the newcomers further than that they increase the census figures. As the largest American city, New York has been the residential goal dreamed of by everyone. Few have paused to consider that the distinction of living there is more widely shared, and therefore less real, than could be the case anywhere else in the country.

It may be that as civilization develops further in the United States we may free ourselves from the tyranny of magnitude which has marked the first inchoate struggles of democracy; also, we may come to regard democracy as something other than a means by which we can all become aristocrats. Surely we can hold no expectancy of rising socially and economically forever. There will come a time in the maturity of this nation when the aim will

be to preserve rather than to acquire. Of our candidates for the presidency we may then say that they are men who have maintained the positions formerly held by their fathers and grandfathers. Instead of looking toward the ownership of a string of lunch rooms from coast to coast, sons of reliable waiters may take up trays without dishonor in restaurants where their fathers have served before them. Instead of glorifying, as our own wish-fulfillments, those who have risen from obscurity to riches or public notice, we may place dependence, not upon the freaks of fortune, but upon the proved, the conservative, the secure. No longer should we then rely upon the moiling dictates of the mass which knows neither a past nor a future but only an uncertain present.

If we then should have red japonicas in our yards, we should not know whether they were the largest in the world or not, nor should we value them for the impression of us that they might convey to passers-by. But in our hearts we should consider them very pretty, and they would be cherished for their own sake. In the winter their roots would be covered from the cold with oak leaves; in the spring they would bloom. But to strangers making inquiries about our red japonicas, we should not find ourselves able to return any satisfactory answers.

On the whole, however, it is not likely that the United States will recognize what constitutes aristocracy until we have a peerage. Social registers are so often debatable. Money bags have such a way of shifting. There is no finality in becoming an Elk or a Civitan. Indeed, a peerage might save us. Then we should all know indubitably just where we stood. The cult of size and numbers would be the religion of only what Mr. Bernard Shaw disrespectfully calls the middle class. And nobody would care to belong to that.

by John Wheelwright

PAUL AND VIRGINIA

Nephews and nieces,—love your leaden statues.
Call them by name, he—"Paul," she, "Virginia."
He leans on his spade. Virginia fondles a fledgling
fallen with its nest. Paul fondles her with his Eyes.
You need no casts in words. You know the Statues,
but not their Garden; nor words to plant again
the shade trees, felled; the ponds filled, and built over.
Your garden is destroyed, but there are other
Gardens to spare from the destroying Spoor
unseen, save in destructful Acts. Unseen,
a greedy Octopus spreads (under ground
as Fungus; as unseen Orchids on all trees;
and on all waters, as translucent Slime)
to take all sweetness from the Air and Earth.
Nephews and Nieces who would breathe sweet Air
and till rich Earth, spy out for its destruction.
Paul and Virginia can have no Home until
you kill these spreading tentacles, these roots
and radicles of cancerous Greed.

Let me put Paul and Virginia back in the Garden's
warmth of wet Box and Arbor Vitae. The Bell-Tree
a silver shrub from Japan is grown up Big
like a willow; whose Branches nose the Ground. They root
and eat the Earth. They drink deep water springs.
Finger twigs fill the neighboring Air with the silent
tinkle of Petals falling. The Lilies-of-the-Valley,
the Pinks; the copper Beeches, the urn-like Elms,
Lilies, Iris and Roses are walled with Hedges
and mirrored on dark waters, made light with fruit trees.
Peonies abide in quiet pomp with the leaden
Statues. The Garden is alive with Bugs and Toads.

The Garden is sad as a ripe Joy is sad. The Garden
sheds perfume of the Soil over a soil-less land.
The Garden's withered seeds have taken root
in your souls; like the Cherry a young Girl swallowed,—Stem,
Meat and Stone; to bud, to bloom, to fruit
and to house twittering Birds.

In your Mother and Father, much you love is memory.
Much they love in you is transplanted from their Gardens.
Love speaking to Love from One World
to Another; Death speaking to Life through Love.
Nephews and Nieces,—love your Statues,
love their names.

by Eron Dunbar Rowland

OVERTURE

The verity of our desire
To possess the unknown
May in some earth-arrested hour
Endow us with a special power
To discern
The unknowable,
Incalculable
As it may seem to some.

by Frederick Horner Bunting

THE COMMODITY DOLLAR

WARREN'S MONETARY THEORIES EXAMINED

THE need for a public examination of the monetary theories advanced by Professors Warren and Pearson, as jointly expressed in their book, *Prices*, arises of course from the position of prominence which Professor Warren has attained among the President's advisors. His analysis of our economic troubles and his proposed remedies are not novel to students of monetary problems; but until lately what economists thought ought to be done about things carried no weight in the public mind. The business world, especially in this country, had consistently given economists the worst possible censure by largely ignoring them. All that has, perforce, been changed—for better or for worse: academic economists are dictating many of the new rules of the game, and all who want to know what the economic aims and policies of the administration are find themselves obliged, as perhaps never before, to read what is being written by the President's advisors on that subject.

For example, if we want to know why the administration cut the dollar loose from the gold standard and why it is contemplating revaluation on a gold, or it may be a gold-alloy, basis lower by 40 to 50% than formerly, we should be well advised to study *Prices*. The object of this paper is to review and to evaluate that book.

"Truth," says Professor Warren,¹ "is always simple. Ignorance is mystical." And, indeed, the argument of *Prices* is not complex, at least not as compared with many writings in the 'dismal science'. The argument in brief runs as follows here.

Our economic distress results from fluctuations in the price-level. Professor Warren seems to mean the wholesale price-level

¹P. 123, *Prices*. By G. F. Warren and F. A. Pearson. New York: John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 3rd Printing, Revised, 1933. All quotations and page references refer to this book, unless otherwise stated.

most of the time. All the important fluctuations in this price-level are due to our dependence upon an ordinary commodity for a medium of exchange, which, being only an ordinary commodity, has not itself got a stable value. That is to say, the gold standard is at the root of our economic troubles. And we cannot, he maintains, prevent the recurrence of depressions and booms unless we adopt some sort of medium of exchange which will be relatively immune from fluctuations in value, i.e., in purchasing power.

The recent depression is not, he says,² "an act of God for the purification of men's souls. It is not a business cycle . . . It is not due to extravagant living . . . It is not due to over-production," nor to any of the things to which it has been generally attributed. It is due solely and entirely to "high demand for gold following a period of low demand for gold." There is the trouble as he states it, both generally and in particular. For these troubles he has two remedies. The first (general) is to establish symmetallism³ in conjunction with a compensated dollar, and the second (for our immediate difficulty) is to devalue the dollar,⁴ in terms of gold, by 50%.

Immediate devaluation would, according to Professor Warren, catapult business out of the depression in an upward-moving arc of rising prices, and the compensated, symmetrical dollar scheme would ensure stable prices for all time. All of which, barring real acts of God, would ensure good profits, good wages and general economic bliss thereafter.

There is a captivating charm about this simple diagnosis and the ease with which the remedy for our troubles is handed out. One's fascination with the argument leads one to scrutinize the props and backgrounds.

"Most of the popular errors about prices," says Professor Warren,⁵ "are due to the assumption that price is dependent upon two factors only, that is, the supply of and demand for the particular commodity or service." But in fact price is a ratio of two values—the value set by the supply of and demand for its component parts *and* the value of the monetary medium of exchange. Thus, one should not expect the price of wheat in America to drop merely

²p. 125.

³cf. pp. 160-166.

⁴p. 174.

⁵p. 69.

because within a few weeks the supply were somehow doubled in the face of an unchanged demand for wheat. For, during those same few weeks, the accident of a greatly reduced demand for gold (e.g., in the event several nations of commercial importance went off the gold standard) would so lower *its* value as to maintain the original price of wheat. By way of proof, Professor Warren submits his contention to the Supreme Court of Statistics. On page 71, he shows that in June, 1929, a bushel of corn sold for 92 cents. In June, 1931, it sold for 57 cents, in spite of a *drop* of some 26% in the corn crop. If the supply of and demand for corn were its sole price-determinant, corn would have sold in 1931 in the neighborhood of \$1.05, instead of dropping to 57 cents a bushel. That it did not go up, that it did drop to 57 cents proves that the value of gold, or the dollar—which is the same thing—appreciated approximately 80%. Q.E.D.

Now, having shown conclusively to his own mind that the price of a single commodity is as much determined by the value of gold as by its own supply and demand, Warren reasoned that a further investigation of facts ought to show that the prices of all commodities, expressed by an index number, are equally controlled by gold. Evidently he found what he sought for we read, on pp. 80, 81: "For 75 years before the World War, world monetary stocks of gold (as distinct from total stocks) had to increase at the same ratio as the world's physical volume of production in order to maintain stable commodity prices in England. If stocks increased more rapidly than other things, prices rose; if they increased less rapidly prices fell." The production of all commodities, including gold, goes on at an irregular rate, but as concerns the three-quarters century before the World War, several investigators discovered that the world's physical volume of production increased at a rate per annum of 3.15%. Gold stocks meantime had been increasing something like 3%, but towards the end of the period this rate of increase had declined noticeably. Part of the total stock of gold is used by the arts and for like purposes, but there has been little variation in the relative amount required in these other fields. Professor Warren takes this correlation between the production of gold and other things to signify that if we remain on the gold standard and want stable prices, gold stocks must increase at the same rate as the world's physical volume of production. And because it seems quite unlikely that

enough gold will be mined to keep pace with the volume of physical production he recommends that we submit to the inevitable demands of stability and seek another medium of exchange.

The graphs which he brings forward^a in support of his major theory do show a certain identity between the line which represents the ratio of gold to physical production and the line denoting the movement of wholesale prices, and to some extent, therefore, they do show that Warren's theory may be sound. But as regards the U. S. and England, there are evident in those graphs three periods of time, ranging from five to fifteen years duration each, in which the lines move in *opposite* directions. Of these three, the two more important ones cover what I may in a rough way call the Civil War and World War periods. These divergences from the norm of Professor Warren's expectations will take considerable explaining.

Warren's graph illustrating conditions in the U. S.,^b shows that between 1858 and 1869 wholesale prices (expressed in terms of gold) moved violently downward, whilst the gold/production ratio remained nearly constant. It shows, also, that between 1915 and 1930 the wholesale price line again parted company with its alleged governing line, this time rising *above* the gold/production line by about 27%.

If Professor Warren, or for that matter if anyone, can square these apparent inconsistencies, which I have just mentioned, with his theories he will have a very strong case against his opponents, the 'hard money men', and the world at large may be well advised in following his suggestions. But, on the other hand, if these two instances will not square with his theories, an intelligent community must take leave of them where they become inadequate guides to policy and seek another solution for the distresses occasioned by great fluctuations in the price-level.

Professor Warren is by no means blind to the necessity of an explanation of these discrepancies. He explains them, indeed, in several places. But I believe his explanations are unsound, and in support of that belief I submit the following. Gold prices were

^app. 75-86.

^bHereafter, the phrase, 'ratio of gold stocks to the volume of physical production of commodities' will be expressed thus: gold/production.

^cp. 82, Fig. 61.

low in the Civil War period, he tells us,⁹ because an inflation occurred, and "when an inflation occurs, the value of money declines faster than prices rise so that a theoretical price in gold is low." Contrast that explanation of low prices with this one of high prices. In the period 1915-1930, he tells us,¹⁰ prices in England (as well as in the U. S.) were high because, "with the outbreak of the war, most of the countries in the world discontinued the use of gold and gave little attention to gold supplies . . . The reduced demand for gold made it cheap, or made prices rise in the few countries that remained on the gold basis."

Overlooking the fact that in attributing the low gold prices of the Civil War period to inflation Warren has scuttled his flagship, the gold/production theory, it is evident that neither the one explanation nor the other explains gold price-movements in *both* war periods, for the following reasons.

During the Civil War period, the U. S. was off the gold standard, but England was not. Yet in both countries gold wholesale prices were low. During the World War period, England was off the gold standard, the U. S. was not. Yet this time gold prices were high in both countries. So, obviously, the inflation theory will not explain the two phenomena.

Let us consider the other, the gold/production, theory, which Professor Warren abandons only in extremities. Since on his own figures the gold/production ratio did not alter materially during either period, and since wholesale gold prices moved down in the first but up in the second period, it is up to Professor Warren to show without shadow of doubt (1) that the demand for gold greatly increased during the Civil War period and (2) that the demand for gold greatly decreased between 1915 and 1930. He makes no attempt to demonstrate the first (I think it cannot be demonstrated) and I shall try to show that he demonstrates the second by no means to the satisfaction of all reasonable doubts.

As to demand for gold during the Civil War period, there is reason to believe that it decreased, rather than the reverse. For the only apparent change in world-demand for gold in that period was the action of the U. S. (Federal and Confederate) in stopping specie payments. All other commercially important nations maintained the currency systems and policies which had been estab-

⁹p. 84.

¹⁰pp. 112-115.

lished for some years. Thus, on the Warren theory, gold prices should not have fallen as they did; if anything they should have moved upwards.

In the first part of the period 1915-1930, gold wholesale prices rose rapidly. It is also true that during the years of combat world demand for gold decreased and the gold/production ratio rose, which things give factual confirmation to the Warren theory. But I submit that the history of the last ten years in this period gives his theory no confirmation whatever.

He says, as regards the U. S., that wholesale prices remained high because, though the world gold supply was low, a large percentage of it was located in the U. S. and that this circumstance acted as an offset to the low world gold supply.

Two comments suggest themselves at this point. First, Warren leads one to think, until a very late date in the argument, that on the supply side, the effective thing is the total or world supply of gold, not any one nation's store of it. But a much more important and, to his theory, destructive comment is this: the world-wide scramble for gold, owing to the universal desire of nations to return to gold-based currencies, began in 1921, and the bulk of the demand for gold continued until about 1928. Why, then, did not the gold wholesale price-curve of the U. S. and England, therefore, fall abruptly during the years 1921-1930? On the supply side, the gold/production ratio favored a fall—if we are to follow the Warren theory. On the demand side, the action of the nations favored it. Wholesale prices did drop precipitously in 1920 and 1921—about 50% in both countries, *but that was before the real battle for gold began!* All through the decade, at a time when the world demand for gold was high (Warren himself affirms this statement on pages 114-115), gold wholesale prices remained almost steady. Not until eighteen months after the last country in Europe (France) had returned to the gold standard did the real break in wholesale prices in the U. S. and in England begin.

Thus, a comparison of the facts with the theory brings us to this: according to the theory, gold wholesale prices in the earlier period should have remained stable or risen, but they did not; and in the latter part of the second period, wholesale prices remained nearly steady in the face of a gold demand which, according to the theory, was quite sufficient to have depressed them far downward.

The conclusion cannot be avoided, therefore, that it is vain to look for an explanation of wholesale price-movements, during periods of economic stress, in the gold/production theory as expounded by the authors of *Prices*. If the theory fails to explain the occasional long stretches of price-dislocation, still less does it help solve the problems relating to seasonal and yearly fluctuations. It may be of value in an explanation of long-period trends. But what on earth, one might ask, is the good of explaining the trend of prices over a fifty or a hundred years and of offering a plan to give long-period stabilization (not the only conceivable plan by any means) when men can and do starve and business houses can and have failed in one, five, and ten years or less?

The real problems in monetary theory, namely, the short and intermediate period price fluctuations, ought to have come to Professor Warren's attention long since. John Maynard Keynes, writing in 1930, (*A Treatise on Money*: vol. ii, Ch. 35, pp. 298, 299) makes the following observation:

The long-period tendency of price-levels up or down, which is more likely than the short-period movements to be influenced, even with Representative Money, by the long-period supply of metal (gold), is of secondary importance to economic welfare compared with the Profit Inflation and Deflations which mark the short or intermediate periods.

All students of monetary problems would probably grant that prices have been in the past and will in the future be more or less affected by the gold/production ratio. Surely it is kicking a dead horse to labor what is almost universally admitted. But, on the other hand, to try to apply a long-period formula to remedy short-period fluctuations is, if the foregoing analysis be correct, misleading and helps not a whit in the attempt to solve the more important short-period fluctuation problem.

The next step takes us from the known past into an uncertain future, that is, to an examination of Warren's proposed remedies. They are, to repeat, (a) to raise the price of gold 50%, i.e., to devalue it in terms of dollars by one-half; (b) to set up a compensated, or commodity, dollar which, in place of gold, shall have a symmetrical backing. I shall not attempt to give all the arguments conceivable for and against these two schemes. I shall confine the discussion to a summary of the cases Professor Warren makes for

them and, keeping in mind what transpired above, make a few comments on his claims.

(a)

Writing early in 1933, Professor Warren says that an immediate 50% rise in the price of gold in the U. S. would have certain effects of which I give the following:

In general, those prices which have not declined would be relieved of the necessity of declining and prices of basic commodities far from market would rise most. These effects are the same as a rise in prices brought about by any other cause.

There would be one major difference,—gold would also rise in price.¹¹

And on the same page he says in effect that the price of basic commodities would rise about 50%.

Now, call to mind Professor Warren's warning that price is more complex a thing than the public is wont to think: that it is determined by four variables, not two. (Just how this admonition fits in with his philosophic doctrine that Truth is always simple is problematic). It is perfectly good Warren theory to say that mere devaluation of the dollar does not guarantee that even wholesale or basic prices in this country will automatically rise, for he has told us that there are three other price-determinants.

Devaluation of the dollar is but another way of increasing the supply of gold in this country. It would, supposedly, have the effect of a somewhat increased world-supply. To say that this increase in gold-supply would alone suffice to raise commodity prices about 50% is to assume that the other three factors will remain constant, or at least that they will not counteract the supposed inflationary effects of the greater gold supply. But if the world *demand* for gold should increase greatly, or if the production of commodities should rapidly outrun their consumption, either on account of a decrease in the latter or an increase in the former—if any or all of these things should happen, Warren would have to admit that prices must decline from whatever level they had attained through devaluation. One must suppose that then

¹¹pp. 174, 175.

the next move in the effort to raise prices would be another dollar devaluation.

As a matter of fact, devaluation is a *fait accompli*: the dollar is worth in foreign gold currencies about 45% less than formerly (e.g. a year ago a franc cost 3.91 cents; today it costs 6.66 cents). Wholesale prices of basic commodities have risen, at the present writing, about 42% above pre-devaluation prices, and prices in the Bureau of Labor index of all commodities indicates a rise of about 18%. Can Professor Warren say that without the activities of the several Federal rehabilitation agencies, which have greatly increased consumer purchasing power as well as increased the demand for building materials, stores and supplies of all sorts, commodity prices would have shown the above mentioned rise? Can it be said that these gains would persist even though the government were suddenly to step out of industry? Professor Warren has not, to the writer's knowledge, made a public utterance which would answer these questions. His statements before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, on January 22, do not touch upon them.

There is, indeed, reason to think that the C.W.A. and the P.W.A., together with other governmental agencies and activities have given decided support to the price-level, and that, barring a sudden revival of private enterprise and an increase in the public's determination to borrow and to spend, abstraction of these agencies from the scene would wipe out much if not all of the price gains made since last February.

And this is not to deny that devaluation can and has impelled commodities entering into international trade to rise immediately and, through them, indirectly to raise general prices within the devaluing country. The point is such results do not follow inevitably from devaluation. For example, France and England could have depreciated their own currencies sufficiently during the past eight months to have offset most of the effects of our devaluation.

Thus it appears that though commodity prices have risen considerably—if not as much as Professor Warren prophesied—there is no proof that devaluation accomplished the deed single-handed, because a general demand for commodities was *also* acting in a price-raising manner! What would happen to the price-level if the government's support of the markets were taken away is

doubtful. Other things remaining as they are, I should look for a fall in prices.

(b)

The proposal to replace our recent gold-dollar arrangement with a symmetallic base (i.e. with an alloy composed of gold and some other metal or metals), in conjunction with a 'commodity' (compensated) dollar, is of more moment than devaluation for it has never been tried out. The commodity dollar is a term applied to a medium of exchange the weight of whose metallic equivalent is made to vary with the rise or fall of a given price-index. If this price-index indicates a rise in prices of 1%, the weight of gold alloy purchasable by a dollar would be increased 1%, or decreased proportionately with a fall in the index-number. Thus by increasing the supply of gold, as it were, when its dollar value rises the necessary counterbalancing forces will be set in motion and an immediate return to the desired price-level would, or should, follow.

Now, it has been admitted for years that the commodity dollar scheme has merit, just as it has been generally recognized that repercussions from changes in the gold supply can be seen more or less distinctly in price movements. It is not admitted that the influence of the gold supply on prices is immediate, or regular, or that it can be accurately predicted. And for much the same reason, it cannot be admitted that the commodity dollar scheme is likely to have the stabilizing influence which Professor Warren promises.

The two price-indexes most likely to be used for determining what the dollar's purchasing power is at any time are both composed of 'wholesale commodities'. But in the one which Professor Warren favors,¹² most of the items enter into export-import trade, e.g. coffee, wheat, hides, sugar, cotton. For convenience call this Index A. The other, which I shall call Index B., is composed of a greater number of commodities, the majority of which seldom figure in international trade—bricks, furniture and the like.

A little dilation here upon the differing effects to be expected from using one or the other of these two indexes will serve well to bring out major weaknesses of the commodity dollar. Evidently Index A would be exposed to all the economic forces out-

¹²p. 166.

side of the U. S., whilst Index B would be fairly well sheltered from such blasts. Professor Warren doubtless prefers Index A (though he does not insist upon it) because its items are relatively much more sensitive to gold supply and demand than are those in Index B, and so would be more amenable to commodity dollar manipulations. To illustrate: recalling previous discussion, it appeared that from the time the dollar was devalued, in February 1933, to January 1934, an index corresponding to Index A rose about 42% as against a rise in a general wholesale commodity index, corresponding to Index B, of only 18%. Here is what could happen to the mass of industries in the United States, about 90% of our business being domestic, if Index A were used as the criterion of dollar purchasing power.

Suppose Index A to show a 10% increase in prices. The controlling government agency would be obliged to raise the metallic content of the dollar at least 10%, in an effort to bring the index number back to par. Index B, on the other hand, may have remained unchanged or fallen; but unless it had actually risen about 10%, an increase in the metallic content of the dollar would tend to depress prices generally throughout the country at a time when depression was uncalled for. In other words, the effort at 'stabilization', insofar as it affected them at all, might well affect them wrongly.

If Index B were used as a criterion, export-import industries would stand to suffer. For a national emergency which brought about violent changes in production and consumption, and which, consequently, caused Index B to fluctuate as much as 15 to 20% would make it necessary to vary the content of metal in the dollar 30, 40, perhaps even 50%—quite enough to play havoc with industries represented by Index A. Even smaller fluctuations would, if dealt with adequately, affect those industries out of all proportion to what would be conceivably just.

I have remarked that discussion of these proposals for monetary reform would take us into the uncertain future, and uncertain it is—at least as respects the commodity dollar. All that Professor Warren claims and hopes for it may, if the scheme is tried out, be realized. But the reasons which he gives for his proposals seem to me grounds for reasonable doubts that anything like the success described would be attained. There are, of course, other aspects of the problem, some theoretical and some practical.

Among the latter, for instance, is the vastly important question who or what agency could be intrusted with the power to alter the metallic content of the dollar. But as they are given scant notice in *Prices*, I shall not discuss them here.

Throughout their book, the authors of *Prices* appear consistently to minimize, almost to ignore, a major factor in their own price equation, namely, the demand for commodities. I have indicated the important part which purchases made through government agencies have played in the recent rise of prices. I think it was this same factor, demand for commodities, which held prices nearly stable during the World War period in the face of a strong world-demand for gold. Attention to this factor gives the explanation of price movements in that period which Professor Warren's theory fails to do. And I think it may be stated that in periods ranging from three months to eighteen months or two years, the demand for commodities is the chief price determinant. This demand factor gets its strength from many things which are controllable in an as yet unknown degree; from business men's faith in the country and the prospects of making profits, which things govern their readiness to seek loans; from the faith of bankers in the economic future and their consequent willingness to make loans; from the amount of the nation's weekly pay-rolls and quarterly salaries; from the preference of people for saving accounts over stocks and bonds, or vice-versa, or for immediate enjoyment in finished goods over both savings and stocks.

That probably does not complete the list of things which determine the strength of the demand factor, but it should make the meaning of the term clear. And the monetary experts of the ensuing generation, whether we do or do not adopt the commodity dollar, will have to attend to ways and means of controlling this demand factor if we are to have adequately stable prices.

by Leonard Brown

ARNOLD'S SUCCESSION: 1850-1914

... the object as in itself it really is.

ARNOLD, "The Function of Criticism."

IN his essay "Arnold and Pater" Mr. T. S. Eliot offers the opinion that Arnold's succession appears chiefly in Pater and, through Pater, in the art-for-art's-sake Decadents:

The total effect of Arnold's philosophy is to set up Culture in the place of Religion, and to leave Religion to be laid waste by the anarchy of feeling. And Culture is a term which each man not only may interpret as he pleases, but must indeed interpret as he can. So the gospel of Pater follows naturally upon the prophecy of Arnold...

'Art for art's sake' is the offspring of Arnold's Culture...

'The power of Christianity has been in the immense emotion which it has excited', [Arnold] says; not realizing at all that this is a counsel to get all the emotional kick out of Christianity one can, without the bother of believing it; without reading the future to foresee *Marius the Epicurean*, and finally *De Profundis*.

But this opinion we must flatly reject as one of the most unjust judgments of Arnold ever written. There is more in Arnold than a latent Decadence. And, for that matter, there is more in Pater. *De Profundis* has less in common than is popularly supposed with *Marius the Epicurean* or the essays on Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, and still less in common with "Dover Beach" or the "Preface" to the first edition of Arnold's poems (1853). So that in urging upon us as of major importance, first, the attractive because simple theory that Wilde derives from Pater, Mr. Eliot ignores both Victor Cousin and Wilde's physiological and psychological nature; and in suggesting, secondly, the equally simple theory that Pater derives from Arnold, Mr. Eliot momentarily

¹*Selected Essays: 1917-1932* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1932), pp. 346-357.

forgets De Quincey and Pater's myriad studies in classic and medieval art and thought. Yet, despite the obvious complexity of these and other possible "influences", Mr. Eliot can still say simply that out of Arnold's "counsel" emerged the later Decadents. Arnold is neither so simple, nor so anemic.

If there is some small perversion of Arnold in Pater, and a greater perversion of both in the subsequent Decadence of the century, we must refuse to be disturbed by this knowledge; for Arnold perverted in Wilde is not Arnold pure. And our preference must ever be for the pure Arnold. Accordingly we must insist that Arnold has other disciples than Wilde and the green carnation gardeners of the hot-house '90's; that Mr. A. E. Housman, for example, is much closer to the pure Arnold, to the dictum concerning the object as in itself it really is, than is Wilde to Arnold's "culture". Above all we must insist, in the face of Mr. Eliot and all others who persist in perpetuating the fashionable myth of decadence *née* Arnold, that a writer like Hardy is the true disciple of Arnold, and that Wilde must ever remain Arnold's unacknowledged false heir. If it is a mistake, therefore, to trace Wilde to Pater, and a greater mistake to trace Pater *and hence Wilde* to Arnold, it is the greatest mistake not to understand that virtually all that is finest in later nineteenth-century poetry, all that is most courageous and vital and alive, makes contact with Arnold's scepticism far more directly than does Decadent verse.

For Arnold's noblest bequest to succeeding poets was not his opinions but his attitude. And we must not be led by over-simplified scholarship into believing otherwise. Mr. Eliot comes much closer to the truth, therefore, when he says that in the end Arnold is "at his best in his defence and enunciation of a needed attitude." It is this "needed attitude" which the Decadents and even Pater in some measure ignored; and, it may be said, to their own cost. But it is precisely the one attitude which has stood behind, which has made possible, which has written the finest poetry we have had since Arnold's own. That is Arnold's importance to later nineteenth-century poetry. Essentially this attitude may be represented as Arnold's own determination to see the object as in itself it really is. He refused to celebrate the old Anglo-Saxon breed with Mr. Adderley, or a piece of chalk with Huxley, or the Mass with Newman; instead, he insisted upon talking about Philistines,

upon saying anarchy when he saw anarchy, upon writing poems like "Dover Beach" about the ignorant armies of nineteenth-century society. That is Arnold's attitude, and that is Arnold pure. But that is not Wilde, not the Decadents.

So in writing of Arnold's opinions rather than of his attitude, Mr. Eliot not only confuses us, but also misunderstands his own literary heritage. The sole attitude which made it possible for Mr. Eliot to write his very fine poem *The Wasteland* rather than another sheaf of lyrics on trees, was Arnold's. For the business of poetry, from Arnold to Eliot, has remained constantly the sceptical representation of life. And since the sceptical mind is primarily the critical mind, the distinguished poets who may truly be numbered among Arnold's successors have all been bent, unlike the Decadents, upon seeing the object as in itself it really is.

II.

The army of unalterable law.

MEREDITH, *Lucifer in Starlight*.

As these anthologies² effectually disclose, Arnold's austere vision was too denudate for the tender-minded Pre-Raphaelites, Catholics, and Decadents who succeeded him in England, as well as for the Belated Romanticists subsequent to him in both England and America. Rather than face Arnold's world of Philistinian anarchy, many of these poets turned to dredged-up mock panaceas for the spirit. They fled back to the Church, or back to the Middle Ages, or back to the Solitudinous Groves of 1800, or inward to Themselves. Anything rather than face their own time. The ultimate truth is, they sought nourishment at the drying breasts of an out-worn romanticism, either synthetic or pure. And that was their mistake. For no serious student of the century can doubt that by 1850 romanticism had largely perished with the rise of a new determinism, which unquestionably represented the intelligible body of ideas of freshest currency at the moment. We can see romanticism breaking over into determinism in Tennyson. The fall of romanticism is interesting to contemplate.

²*Poetry of the Transition: 1850-1914*, ed. by Thomas Marc Parrott and Willard Thorp (New York: Oxford University Press, 1932.)

American Poets: 1630-1930, ed. by Mark Van Doren (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1933).

As Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie has said, the romanticist depends upon his "inner experience" for judgment of thought and action. But it is worth remarking that before inner experience can be trusted, or the judgment resulting from it be deemed valid, a creature incapable of error must first be posited as the possessor of this inner experience. My experience is valid, says the romanticist, because I am a valid experiencer. So the romantic age created the romantic hero in its own image—a free-willed, natural man, capable not only of deciding between right and wrong, nor only of knowing the right, but also of choosing the right (Alastor, Endymion, *et al*). This imaginary hero is thus the first major concept of romantic philosophy. The second is a spiritualized and benevolent nature in which the hero may dwell. Everybody is familiar with Wordsworth.

Against these two intuitive concepts the rationalism of the mid-nineteenth century opposed the biological determinism of Darwin and the economic determinism of Marx. In the *Origin of Species* (1859) Darwin substituted for special creation the operation of natural laws. "These laws, taken in the largest sense", he said, "are Growth with Reproduction; Variability, from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the Extinction of less-improved forms. *Thus from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows*". That is, natural law creates beings, inflicts famine upon them, and starves to death the weak and unadapted. This is hardly Wordsworth's spiritualized and benevolent nature that "never did betray the heart that loved her."

There remains the romantic hero—the free-willed, natural man; but, as Darwin intimated, his free-will is largely a myth since he is at the blind disposition of both inheritance and environment. And as for his "natural" qualities (by which the romanticist meant "ideal"), in the *Descent of Man* (1871) Darwin reasoned that man's immediate ancestors, after a long descent from a jelly-like larva, were hairy creatures "with pointed movable ears and movable tails". Here, said rationalism to the romanticists, is the family tree of your Hyperions, Don Juans, Michaels, and Adonaises.

But this was not all. German exegesis was attacking romantic theology; Henry Lewis Morgan was exploding romantic theories of "right" and "wrong" in his anthropological studies; Nietzsche's will-to-power and anti-Christianity lay just ahead; and, before the end of the century, Haeckel, with his *Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte* (1868) and the materialistic monism of his *Die Welt-räsel* (1899), dismissed free-will, the dualistic idea of a personal god, and the soul as delusions, and accounted for all known phenomena—material, mental, and spiritual (including consciousness)—by matter and force alone.

But if romanticism was falling on the biologic front, it was falling on the economic also. Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* appeared in Germany in 1867, and in Engels' English translation in 1889, but the principles of socialism had been operative and known since the late 1840's. Marx's rationalism inheres in his refusal of all intuitive perceptions of human history; for, like Darwin, he confined himself on the whole to the realistic factual materials of the scientific method. His first rational principle is that economic factors are the determining force in human affairs. Romantic individualism goes down before this doctrine, as does the romantic hero: history is no longer the biography of great men; things are greater than people. Marx's second rational principle, that of class struggle, not only dispels or at least effectively postpones the fulfillment of the romantic promise of the brotherhood of man, nor only gives empiric recognition to a world of "outer" experience, but also constitutes a parallel in the sphere of economics to Darwin's biologic "war of nature". If all nature is at war with itself in Darwin, all society is at war with itself in Marx. Moreover the doctrine of class struggle implies collectivism, which, in the final analysis, is obviously antipathetic to both romantic individualism and romantic solitude.

But this new rational determinism was succeeding romanticism not only in the realm of thought but also in the realm of practice. And since the ideas giving rise to the emotion which is reflected in the literature of a period derive from both thought and practice, it is worth reminding ourselves here, before we come to an actual consideration of later nineteenth-century poetry itself, that romanticism fell in the sphere of active practice with the rise of industry.

As soon as a society becomes industrialized, the recognition it vouchsafes itself ceases to be intuitive and becomes empiric. Rome is a very fair example of such a society in the ancient, and Japan in the modern world. This substitution of the empiric for the intuitive view occurs because society has to defend itself against itself rather than against nature; man no longer, as in a pastoral or agrarian society, lives with nature; he lives instead with laws and inventions of his own making. He ceases to be a single unit, Man, set against the elements; he becomes multiple, Men, one man set against another. His laws, his inventions, and his contrivances must be faced, accordingly, as *objective* rather than subjective determinants, as something "outer" rather than "inner" in relation to himself. Obviously, since romanticism takes its authority only from "inner experience", it cannot evaluate correctly or deal with the objective world of industrialized society. That is precisely what Dowden meant when he called Shelley a "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain". That is why one after another of the great created figures of romantic poetry, the Alastors and the Endymions, dwell alone in the solitudinous wilderness of nature. This refusal or at best inability to apprehend correctly a world of objective reality sets off Shelley from Dryden, the early nineteenth century from the eighteenth, and in the last analysis romanticism from classicism.*

So that in order to understand why English romanticism began to disappear by 1832, we have only to recall that industry took over the reins in England about 1815. Inasmuch as the intuitive attitude of romanticism was unable to cope with the evils which accompanied this early crude industrial system, society in order to preserve itself was forced to assume another that could be effectual, and the empiric rather than the intuitive, determinism rather than romanticism, was the only possible attitude which could be assumed. Consequently the social history of early nineteenth-century England presents Ricardo and Mill, the labor troubles of

*As an example of the inability of romanticism to cope with an industrialized society, I cite laissez-faire economics. The events of the last one hundred years demonstrate clearly what we may expect from an economics of drift, a romantic economics, an economics governed by the inner experience of our industrial leaders.—Why restrict the inner experience to poets?—Only now are we beginning to impose *form* upon our industrialized society to any appreciable degree, thereby recognizing its objectivity.

1816-'19, and the reforms of the '30's. And the effectual attitude responsible for these rational reforms was the attitude of Darwin, of Marx, of Arnold—of the determinist.

But nothing like this attitude, or the scale upon which it performed its operations, appeared in America until after the Civil War. Only then were we given our Ricardo and Mill in the persons of Godkin, George, and Bellamy; for only then were they necessary to collective American life. That is, romanticism was prolonged in America until the 1850's by the Frontier. Romantic nature went with the Frontier just as romantic individualism went with Jeffersonian democracy; romantic concepts persisted in America, therefore, as long as free land gave the dissatisfied American of the East or of the cities the opportunity to enjoy his individualism in natural solitude. Although the Englishman was caught in his industrial coal mines and weaving factories, the American could still go West. But with the exhaustion of free land and the triumph of industry at the close of the Civil War, romanticism perished in America just as it had perished in England thirty years before. And it perished for the same reasons.

A poet's duty is to be intelligently sensitive to his time. In the later nineteenth-century the poet, consequently, could have apprehended his time in the realm of thought by reading and speculating upon Darwin and Marx, Morgan and Haeckel, and in the realm of practice by recognizing the objective validity of the growing industrialism of society; but even neglecting these modes of apprehension, the poet could have been aroused to the rendering of the emotional significance of the period by simply observing later nineteenth-century society itself. For both America and England suffered dispiriting corruptions of culture in the '70's. England had come dangerously near a revolution in 1840-'50, but after 1875 she experienced her major difficulties. There was then a general decline of British industry, which affected the workers adversely, as it always does; strikes broke out; socialism grew threateningly; and in 1875 economic conditions made necessary the Employers' and Workmen's Act concerning trade-union difficulties. In 1878 there was a great depression in business and agriculture, and a number of bank failures; and for the rest of the century the Irish Home Rule problem knocked continually at England's door.

Even greater cultural disasters occurred in America. Our country was treated to the corruption of Grant's administration, to the Tweed Ring, which gouged at least \$75,000,000 out of the American people, to the exhaustion of free land by the Government's fantastic grants to the railroads, to the erection of high tariff walls, to the slaughter of the buffaloes, and, worst of all, to the dreadful decade of the 1870's. This decade saw the panic of 1873, the bloody strikes of 1877, the continuous economic distress of the farmers, the rise of Gould, Rockefeller, Morgan, and Armour, the Fisk-Vanderbilt feud over the Erie Railroad, the *Crédit Mobilier* Fraud, the Whiskey Ring, the Belknap and Star Route cases, the crash of the railroads (comparable to the Railway Mania of 1845 in England), the collapse of insurance companies and banks, and the watering of the Erie stock by Drew, Gould, and Fisk. This was post-Civil War America.

This was the world the later nineteenth-century poet could have observed. If he were unacquainted with Darwin and Marx, or the growing industrialization of society, he could observe the operation of the law of the Survival of the Fittest in the rise of Jim Fisk or the ascension of British Imperialism from the Crimean War to the Occupation of Egypt. Accordingly the question is whether the poets of America and England did apprehend their own time in any of these several ways. What did they make of this army of unalterable law that seemed to regulate life and human relations? Did they see it as in itself it really was?

III.

... the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the best ideas on every matter which literature touches, current at the time; ... its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them ...

ARNOLD, "The Function of Criticism."

In sketching out so hastily as I have the determinism which succeeded romanticism in the realms of thought and practice as the later nineteenth-century philosophy, I meant really to describe the material, and the only material, to which the poet of the time could permit himself access as an artist. For determinism represented the only fresh intelligible body of ideas that was alive and vital at the moment. And if we remember that no major poetry

exists which does not reflect the world of fresh ideas current at the time in which the poetry was written, we begin to understand the necessary duty of the later nineteenth-century poet—namely, not the attempted perpetuation of romanticism, but a representation of the new determinism. There was the only fresh, the only possible ground for the poet. What could he do with determinism?

Out of the thought and practice of a period always emerge two world-ideas—one of Man, and one of the Universe in which the Man must make his home. And from the period's contemplation of the spectacle of this Man dwelling in this Universe emerges ultimately a world-emotion. The spectacle, common to the early nineteenth-century, of a free-willed natural Man dwelling in dignity and peace in a spiritualized and benevolent Universe, was responsible for a world-emotion of joy which the romantic poets seized upon quite properly for their poetry. Consequently we may justly understand poetry as the representation of the world-emotion of the period in which the poetry is written. Poetry then becomes, over a period of centuries, a history, a depository of race-emotion. That is poetry's value to the race, and we must beware of claiming too much else for it. The art of poetry, therefore, consists in the poet's finding symbols for his time's conceptions of Man and the Universe, and then in so presenting those symbols in form and language as to evoke in the reader of the poetry the world-emotion current at the time the poetry is produced.

Now, as we have seen, out of the thought and practice of the later nineteenth century emerged the idea of Man as simply a highly developed form of the animal kingdom, subject like the rest of creation to the blind functioning of universal law, and with no understanding of or control over the purpose of life—a creature, in short, of small cosmic importance. And there emerged, too, the idea of the Universe as only matter and force, unalterable law, without, so far as could be discerned, either a benevolent ethic or any ethic at all—a plain war of the elements. And Man the animal had to make what peace he could with this unalterable Universe. (And Jim Fisk and British Imperialism were notorious examples of this peace-making.)

These fresh conceptions—so totally unlike the romanticist's world-ideas of the free-willed natural man and the spiritualized and benevolent nature—were obviously the bases for a new poetry.

Accordingly, since the spectacle of Man dwelling as a helpless animal in an amoral Universe of unalterable natural law is anything but a happy one, the world-emotion to be evoked by the poet of the later nineteenth century was something like stoical despair, and the poet's own attitude toward life, consequently, something like scepticism—Arnold's attitude.

Three courses, then, were open to the post-Victorian poet: either he could perpetuate the pure romanticism of the early century—"ideal" Man and "ideal" Nature; or he could make substitutions for those original romantic concepts, and so continue with a synthetic romanticism; or, finally, he could adopt Arnold's sceptical attitude, the determination to face things as in themselves they really were, and represent the deterministic view of life which the thought and practice of the time had made compulsory. All three of these courses were followed.

IV.

"The time is out of joint". Who will
May strive to make it better;
For me, this warm old window-sill,
And this old dusty letter.

Dobson, *A Dead Letter*.

Since the Pure Romanticist naturally dislikes anything which disturbs the ideal scheme of a free-willed natural man dwelling in dignity and peace in a spiritualized and benevolent nature, the theme of social humanitarianism is common in romantic poetry. Protests against the imperfections of society appear again and again, therefore, in the work of the later nineteenth-century poets who seek to perpetuate the original romanticism of the early century. The annals of the poor, for example, are Mr. Gibson's inspiration. Wordsworth's "what man has made of man" reappears in "On the Embankment"; and "The Blind Rower" and "The Vindictive Staircase or the Reward of Industry" are replicas in contemporary materials of Wordsworth's humanitarian case-studies of individual human figures. Mr. Gibson stands up as stoutly for his scrub-women and platelayers as ever did Wordsworth for his Michaels and Ruths. This romantic humanitarian strain lies, too, behind such poetry as Davies' "The Sleepers", Rossetti's "Jenny", Morris' socialist poems "The Voice of Toil" and "The Day is Coming", behind Symons' "Emmy", and Mase-

field's "A Consecration" and "C. L. M." And in America it appears before 1914 notably in the work of Trumbull Stickney ("Six O'clock"):

I love you, human labourers. Good-night!
 Good-night to all the blackened arms that ache!
 Good-night to every sick and sweated brow,
 To the poor girl that strength and love forsake,
 To the poor boy who can no more! I vow
 The victim soon shall shudder at the stake
 And fall in blood: we bring him even now.

Clearly, this is Shelley and Leigh Hunt *in extensio*.

But this humanitarian poetry is obviously not the equal of Shelley's. Nor is this inequality to be explained only by our saying that Shelley had more "talent" as a poet than Stickney. Rather, the world-belief of the early nineteenth-century in a free-willed man and a benevolent nature offered Shelley a solid philosophical position from which to attack the evils of an imperfect, traitorous society: an imperfect society was disfiguring to a perfect universe, and hence should be protested. But after Darwin and Morgan, Haeckel and Nietzsche, no such solid philosophical position was any longer available to a poet: that ethical perfection which Wordsworth celebrated so strongly had disappeared from the cosmic scheme of relations. Consequently, whereas Shelley's voice is the voice of his own time, Trumbull Stickney's is only his own personal voice. And nowhere in the history of poetry has a personal voice been able to stand against the voice of an age.

But the Pure Romanticists of the later nineteenth century continued other original romantic themes than the humanitarian one. Romantic nature persists in the poetry of Davies ("The Kingfisher"):

I also love a quiet place
 That's green, away from all mankind;
 A lonely pool, and let a tree
 Sigh with her bosom over me.

Romantic solitude and pastoral melancholy could hardly be expressed more clearly. Accordingly we are somewhat puzzled when Professors Parrott and Thorp inform us in the note on Davies in their anthology that his is "not the nature of the romantic poets". We must ask them to re-read "The Elements". The theme of romantic nature appears, too, in Noyes' "Mountain Laurel", in James

Thomson's "Sunday at Hampstead", in Bridges' "The Winnowers" and "There is a Hill beside the Silver Thames", in Masefield's sea poetry, in Symons' "Wanderer's Song", in the verse of Andrew Lang, and as transcendentalized in the poetry of Yeats. In the face of all that had been exposed to them in the spheres of thought and practice by such men as Darwin and Marx, Morgan and Haeckel, Nietzsche and Jim Fisk, these English poets went on celebrating Nature as a spiritualized and benevolent enterprise conducted, seemingly, solely for the comfort and happiness of mankind. And if an English poet like Stevenson ran off into vagabondage with his "Over the hills and far away", the same escape into romantic nature, the same refusal to face things as they were, occurred also in America. Consider Lanier ("The Waving of the Corn"):

Ye terrible Towns, ne'er claim the trembling soul
 That, craftless all to buy or hoard or sell,
 From out your deadly complex quarrel stole
 To company with large amiable trees,
 Suck honey summer with unjealous bees,
 And take Time's strokes as softly as this morn
 Takes waving of the corn.

The third major theme of early nineteenth-century romanticism—romantic individualism, the free-willed natural man, the romantic hero—is perpetuated also in post-Victorian verse. Most notably, a majority of these poets themselves approach life as free-willed natural men, as romantic individuals. Almost the whole of Kipling's verse is written on the plain assumption that not only was the world made for the British Empire, but it was made also for Mr. Kipling himself. This clear romantic note, so emphatic in Byron, is sounded wildly in America by Joaquin Miller and unabatedly in England by a poet like Henley, who forever assures us:

I am the master of my fate;
 I am the captain of my soul.

"Inner experience" has never functioned more imperatively than in these belated Pure Romanticists. All that the western world had been discovering since the time of Hume evidently meant little to them. Davies, in "Sweet Stay-at-Home", hit off their naïveté with devastating but alas! unconscious irony:

I love thee for a heart that's kind . . .
Not for the knowledge in thy mind.

One wonders what Arnold, with his insistence upon seeing the object as in itself it really is, and his stricture upon the early romanticists as not knowing enough, would have made of Davies' remark.

There remains, as a final consideration of the Pure Romanticists of the later nineteenth century, the problem of their style. But again, their style is inevitably, like their themes, only the walking ghost of the early romantic movement. Rossetti's archaic diction, the colloquial quality of Thomas Edward Brown, the "gothic" style of Morris, medieval tales, Thomson's pseudo-Spenserian *Ruines-of-Time* air in "The City of Dreadful Night" (of which Stanza XIV is strongly reminiscent of Keats), the Spenserian quality again of Bridges' "Elegy", as well as the Keatsian verse-quality of his "There is a Hill beside the Silver Thames",—all these are definite illustrations of a persistent romantic style. And, of course, such a style was inescapable by poets who sought to re-represent the old romantic themes.

But the Pure Romanticists are not the only romanticists among later nineteenth-century poets. Other poets had learned too much from the Victorian world of thought and practice to be guilty of representing what was no longer valid for their generation. On the other hand they lacked Arnold's courage for representing life as their time told them it really was. So they rode the wall. Anxious to preserve a belief in human worth and dignity, which was fast slipping away from their generation under the impact of forces like Darwin and Jim Fisk, they made substitutions for such original romantic beliefs as were no longer tenable and continued as synthetic romanticists. Darwin and Haeckel had completely ruined Wordsworth's romantic concept of nature, and so for nature they made their several substitutions.

The defection of the Synthetic Romanticists from their own time is easily illustrated. Morris, in "The Earthly Paradise", referred to himself as the "idle singer of an empty day", and wrote:

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?

Consider also Francis Thompson ("The Kingdom of God"):

The angels keep their ancient places; . . .
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

and Alice Meynell ("The Lady Poverty"):

Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
Not among modern kinds of men;

and Lionel Johnson ("To a Friend"):

Sweet, hard and wise, your choice so early made,
To cast the world away, a derelict:
To wear within the pure and austere shade
The sacred sable of Saint Benedict.

and Gerard Hopkins ("Heaven-Haven"):

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the heavens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

and Christina Rossetti ("Life and Death"):

Life is not sweet. One day it will be sweet
To shut our eyes and die . . .

and the deliquescent aversion of Coventry Patmore in "Magna Est Veritas". This defectionist note is strong in later nineteenth-century poetry.

As is implied by the above quotations, one spiritual security which many of these poets substituted for the Nature of original romanticism, was the Church. For the Church not only gave some authority to the independence of the mystical mind, which clearly could not fit into the deterministic world of current thought and practice, but also offered an authority in the spiritual realm which could be set up over and against Haeckel's materialistic philosophy. Accordingly we have a major body of Catholic poets in the later nineteenth century. There was Patmore, who hated the liberalizing spirit of his age, and went over to Catholicism in 1864. His simple faith is expressed in "The Toys" (which recalls Herbert's poetry), his metaphysical qualities in "To the Body", and his mysticism in "Lover of Love". There was Francis Thompson, with his "Hound of Heaven", and his mystical conceptions of

beauty and love ("To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster"). There was Lionel Johnson, with his Catholic faith ("By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross"):

Yet, when the city sleeps,
When all the cries are still:
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

There was Gerard Hopkins, with the "glory be to God" note of his "Pied Beauty", and Alice Meynell, perhaps the greatest Catholic of them all. And to these major poetic voices for the Church may be added the occasional Catholic timbres of Christina Rossetti and Ernest Dowson, who in his "Benedictio Domini" could speak of the Church as

The one true solace of man's fallen plight.

Another security substituted for the Nature of the original romanticists by a second group of these poets, was Medievalism. Although medievalism shows itself sporadically in the work of Morris, it appears more notably in the poetry of Rossetti, who dignified it into a philosophy of life. Nor is it curious to discover this same philosophical platonism in an American poet. George Edward Woodberry's sonnet-sequence "Ideal Passion" is an American counterpart, in this particular way, of Rossetti's English poetry. Woodberry displays clearly this platonic aversion against the later nineteenth-century (Sonnet XXIX):

I know not what in other men may sleep
Of lower forms, which nature knew to shape
To higher, and from her primal slime escape
To sea, and land, and heaven's aerial deep;
Nor with what stirrings their thick blood may leap
Of ante-natal slaughter, brutish rape;
I own no kinship with the obscene ape;
No beast within my flesh his lair doth keep.

The memory of the rose-tree runs not back
Through the dim transmutations of the rose;
Sphere over sphere, above the solar track,
The round of heaven greatens as it goes;
So am I changed; though the last change I lack,
When over love itself oblivion flows.

and Sonnet XIX:

O Sacred Love, and thou, O Love Profane,
 Great branches issuing from the viny stock
 Fast-rooted in earth's old primeval rock,
 Single your nature is, though seeming twain.
 The must of life is all one crimson stain
 Of vintage; there all generations flock;
 The rosy trampling feet let no saint mock,
 The cup divine no reveller disdain!

True love repeals all codes that have defined
 Higher and lower in its ministry;
 True love hath no diversity of kind,
 And undivided must its nature be;
 Earthly or heavenly, my soul divined,
 Only through passion cometh purity.

Obviously, the Church would not do any more satisfactorily for Woodberry than for Rossetti: it was not inclusive of enough of life. But Platonism was a ready sanction of life. One sees readily, when one remembers that Platonism was for these poets a substitution for romantic nature, a "way out" of Darwin and Haeckel, how Ruskin was more just than he knew perhaps when he named the Pre-Raphaelites the "modern Romantic School". Like the Pure Romanticists and the Catholic Poets, these platonist poets were still listening to the voice of the "inner experience".

Finally, the third major substitution made by the Synthetic Romanticists for the Nature of Wordsworth, was the philosophy of Decadence. Decadence is ultimately only a confession of helplessness and drift. Coventry Patmore's

Moving but as the feelings move,
 I run, or loiter with delight . . .

and Ernest Dowson's

The wisdom of the world said unto me:
*'Go forth and run; the race is to the brave;
 Perchance some honour tarrieth for thee!'*
'As tarrieth', I said, 'for sure, the grave.'

constitute the bases for the Decadent philosophy. But it is almost too much to call these sentiments a philosophy. Certainly the Decadents fail to give one the impression that they made any systematic attempt to see life as in itself it really was and consequently to represent what they might have seen adequately in their poetry. They impress one as waiting like impatient sparrows around the foot of the cosmic table, ready for such pleasant crumbs as may be whirled off to them in the interplanetary race.

A large view of life, of Man, of the Universe, they do not have. It is noteworthy that, since the human mind cannot exist so tentatively in this way for long, many of the Decadent poets turned in the end to the Church for a ready-made authority which could fit their needs.

While there are other substitutions made by these Synthetic Romanticists for the original romantic Nature—notably James Elroy Flecker's Orientalism, and Bayard Taylor's and Richard Henry Stoddard's shoddy Bedouins and camels (which Mr. Van Doren has had the good taste to omit from his anthology)—the three major substitutions I have already described, the Church, Platonism, and Decadence, constitute the modes of defection of most interest to the student of later nineteenth-century poetry. The only fresh intelligible body of ideas current during their time, was studiously ignored by these poets; and they remain in the end, consequently, as anomalies in the history of poetry. And as Arnold said: “. . . . that a thing is an anomaly is an objection to it . . .”.

V.

And, if you take from space those fine sensations, you give up your ministering deities also to a bridewell, and condemn them to a treadmill . . .
MILTON, *Prolusiones Oratoriae* III.

There was, in the later nineteenth century, a small group of poets who had Arnold's courage for facing the object as in itself it really is, and who, again in Arnold's words, felt themselves inspired by the fresh intelligible body of ideas in which they found themselves. They saw Jim Fisk's and Darwin's, Haeckel's and Morgan's world for what it was, and used it for their poetry.

Rupert Brooke was one of them. Though Brooke wrote a good deal of purely romantic poetry, just prior to his death he had begun to turn from the romantic to the deterministic view of life, to exert, in short, an intellectual control over emotion.

Dear, we know only that we sigh, kiss, smile;
Each kiss lasts but the kissing, and grief goes over;
Love has no habitation but the heart.
Poor straws! on the dark flood we catch awhile,
Cling, and are borne into the night apart.
The laugh dies with the lips, 'Love' with the lover.

There is the stoical despair, the pertinent world-emotion, of the later nineteenth century. And to discover how far it is from the earlier romanticism, we have only to compare it to the sentiment of the "Eve of St. Agnes" or of "Endymion".

Swinburne is identified by Professors Parrott and Thorp as the "legitimate successor" to the revolutionary school of Byron, Shelley, and Landor. But this identification cannot reveal the real Swinburne to us: he is not a romanticist. One clue to the real Swinburne comes from our understanding him as a great and original stylist. I mean that no revolt in style of any consequence has ever occurred in poetry without an equally consequential revolt in thought accompanying it. This cuts Swinburne off immediately from the simple social revolutionism of Byron and the early nineteenth-century romanticists, just as a different revolt in style cuts Gerard Hopkins off in a differing way. Another clue to the real Swinburne is disclosed to us in the intellectual quality of his poetry. This quality has never been sufficiently appreciated in Swinburne: too often his poetry is regarded as a welter of emotional diction; but I should like to suggest that we refer our critical taste again to the "Hymn to Proserpine", that we read it as intellectual as well as emotional statement. Wherever you find this intellectual power in poetry you find Arnold's determination to see life as in itself it really is; you do not find, in other words, the "inner experience" of the romanticist set up as the sole arbitrary authority over and against the objective world. And if we are willing to consider Nietzsche, with his paganism and anti-Christianity, as the voice of the later nineteenth century rather than of original romanticism, how can we in the face of Swinburne's paganism and anti-Christianity still persist in identifying him with the authors of such Christian poems as "Prometheus Unbound" and "Endymion"? And again, the emotion of Swinburne's poetry is rather the emotion of Arnold's, Meredith's, and Hardy's, than of romantic verse. "At Parting" and "Ave Atque Vale" are not "Adonais". But the real, the true, the essential clue to Swinburne is contained in a single line from his "Mater Triumphalis":

I am thine harp between thine hands, O Mother!

This is later nineteenth-century monism, as clear as Haeckel's;

and it stands out sharply as such against the romantic dualism of Shelley's

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is.

And with Brooke and Swinburne I would place Mr. de la Mare. "Of all English poets living or dead, de la Mare is peculiarly the poet of childhood", say Professors Parrott and Thorp; and then proceed to represent Mr. de la Mare by "All that's Past", "The Dark Château", "The Ghost", "The Little Green Orchard", and "The Old Angler"—which are not child poems at all. Indeed, Mr. de la Mare is very poorly represented in this anthology; not because he is the "poet of childhood", for he is not; but because such poetry of his as "The Listeners" is not here reprinted. The color and music of Mr. de la Mare make him seem, I fear, romantic to many readers; but the shadow-haunted, half-lighted world of his poetry is not "gothic", it is only an appropriate stage which he has chosen for the representation of a certain emotion—an emotion, I may say, much nearer "Dover Beach" than "Christabel". Despite the great amount of fashionable criticism now being levelled at modern psychology by people who know least about it, a psycho-history of a poem like "The Listeners" would be of immense importance for the student of later nineteenth century poetry. For "The Listeners" is one of the few authentic lyrics of modern times. And in speaking only of this one poem by Mr. de la Mare, I am speaking consciously of the note which I believe represents him at his best.

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door . . .

If poetry is the representation in terms of emotion of the spectacle of Man dwelling in the Universe, the identity of the Traveller is obvious; and the question he asks of the shut door is clearly the question the post-Victorian world asked of the operating Universe. And we are still asking, in Mr. Eliot's "The Wasteland", and Mr. Robinson's "The Man Against the Sky" and "Tristram", essentially the same question.

But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.

As little by little we come to see post-Arnoldian poetry as in itself

it really is, Mr. de la Mare will emerge as a true spokesman for his time.

Although this emotional stoicism appears also in America—notably in Stephen Crane's "War is Kind" and in Emily Dickinson's "I Felt a Funeral in my Brain":

. . . I and silence some strange race,
Wrecked, solitary, here . . .

and in "After Great Pain a Formal Feeling Comes":

This is the hour of lead
Remembered if outlived,
As freezing persons recollect the snow—
First chill, then stupor, then the letting go . . .

and in other poems by her—in the end it is in the English poetry of Meredith, Housman, and Hardy that the deterministic later nineteenth century received its choicest expression. As Professors Parrot and Thorp justly say: they were too honest to try to salvage the ragged creeds of their generation. In their poetry, then as in Arnold's, the operation of the intellect is strong; which makes them, rather than the art-for-art's-sake Decadents, Arnold's true successors. They accepted life as their time told them it really was, and were inspired by the body of fresh intelligible ideas current for their generation. And so their poetry, since it is honest, courageous, and even beautiful, still has strength and immediacy for us.

Let it but be the Lord of Mind to guide
Our eyes; no branch of Reason's growing lopped . . .

says Meredith.

I love thee for a heart that's kind—
Not for the knowledge in thy mind . . .

wrote Davies. And that emotional quality which I have called stoical despair—the sense of man's identification with all material creation, the feeling that he is subject to the operation of natural law as surely as the flight of the seasons—this despair, so compulsory for later nineteenth-century poetry but so utterly foreign to the "inner experience" of the romanticist, appears in Meredith's "Dirge in Woods":

A wind sways the pines,
 and below
 Not a breath of wild air;
 Still as the mosses that glow
 On the flooring and over the lines
 Of the roots here and there.
 The pine-tree drops its head;
 They are quiet, as under the sea.
 Overhead, overhead
 Rushes life in a race,
 As the clouds the clouds chase;
 And we go,
 And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
 Even we,
 Even so.

There is no need to pursue the theme further. It is all through Hardy and Housman. Hardy's "In a Wood" marks definitely the revulsion of these poets from Davies' sighing trees, from the romanticist's comforting Nature, to Darwin's principle that all natural creation is at war with itself. Says Hardy, after entering the wood:

But, having entered in,
 Great growths and small
 Show them to men akin—
 Combatants all!

 Since, then, no grace I find
 Taught me of trees,
 Turn I back to my kind,
 Worthy as these.

Hardy represents also the later nineteenth century's revulsion from Wordsworth's conception of a benevolent Being as the head of the Universe. In "New Year's Eve" he represents the Being who governs the Universe as speaking:

Strange that ephemeral creatures who
 By my own ordering are,
 Should see the shortness of my view,
 Use ethic tests I never knew,
 Or made provision for!

And the same world-emotion that Meredith represented in his "Dirge in Woods" reappears in Housman. From "Be still, My Soul, Be Still":

Ay, look: high heaven and earth ail from the prime foundation;
 All thoughts to rive the heart are here, and all are vain:
 Horror and scorn and hate and fear and indignation—
 Oh, why did I wake? When shall I sleep again?

But if Housman sounds the note of despair by saying, in "The Immortal Part", that bone, not sense or thought, endures, and by speaking, in "The Chestnut Casts His Flambeaux", of the Being who governs this Universe as

Whatever brute and blackguard made the world . . .

he displays also a dignity and courage in the face of life's amorality which was impossible to the Belated Romanticists:

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

It is our duty not to misunderstand poetry, not to ask of it something it cannot possibly give, not to accuse it of something it is not. For poetry is only the representation of emotion, and with emotion we cannot "disagree". If it is emotion at all, it is genuine. Consequently, in examining the poetry of the later nineteenth century we have only to be critically intelligent enough to discover what the world-emotion of the day was, and then to ask of the poets only that they express in fitting language and symbols this emotion. We may quarrel with them if they fail to represent this emotion; but we may not quarrel with them if we dislike the emotion represented. For this reason the Belated Romanticists—the Catholics, the Platonists, the Decadents—have no sure connection with Arnold; only poets like Meredith, Housman, and Hardy may be counted finally among his disciples. Nor must we confuse this discipleship with the problem of literary and philosophical influence. Arnold's succession is something far greater than that: it is a succession of an attitude, rather than of opinions. The best minds subsequent to Arnold's have been like his. That is Arnold's glory, and he must not be confused for us.

by Elizabeth D. Wheatley

ARNOLD BENNETT'S TRIFLES

HIS NOVELS FOR THE GAY MIDDLE-AGED

IN what has been so far the most discerning and well balanced critical treatment of Arnold Bennett, J. B. Priestley's essay in *Figures in Modern Literature*, (1924), Mr. Priestley speaks of a quality of skeptical dryness in Bennett that prevents his being reread. I do not believe there is any doubt about the fact that few of his novels compel a return. When one thinks of the American or English family book shelf that was formerly well filled with its complete editions of Dickens, Thackeray and Scott, one does not, somehow, see a complete Bennett taking its place beside these beloved volumes. One does not finger many of the Bennett novels with a loving hand, or seek them out with a companionable eye. As a matter of fact, nowadays, in spite of his tremendous, fleeting popularity, Bennett is read, with the exception of a few things, very little at all. More and more the middle and younger generations tend to be bored by him. The great part of his fictions belong to the tides of recreational literature that are forever being renewed by a tireless press.

And the reason for this is not altogether in the skeptical dryness of which Mr. Priestley speaks, for the modern world loves a skeptic as much as the mediaeval world loved a saint. The reason is to be found in the fact that Bennett wrote so much about what amused him rather than about what stirred his emotions or stimulated his mind. He was accustomed to relax after serious effort, his wife tells us, and write a book for his own pleasure, a play book that was a romantic escape from artistic drudgery. But the result of his amused preoccupation with the play books was that much of their quality and their contents slipped over into his serious work, faded their brightness, and confused the line between what Bennett candidly meant to be temporary and what he meant to be permanent. Moreover, his best self exists in some of his lightest

work. This blending of the firm and the unstable makes the critic's task of seeking out his purely temporary work very difficult, makes that task more a matter of temperament than of judgment.

In so far, however, as it may be distinguished, the lighter work of Bennett falls roughly into two divisions, that which is undisguised fantasy, and that which is blithe, ironic realism. *The Grand Babylon Hotel*, *The Gates of Wrath*, *Hugo*, and *The City of Pleasure*, come in the first category: *Denry the Audacious*, *The Old Adam*, *Buried Alive*, *Mr. Prohack*, *Accident*, and *The Vanguard*, in the second. Both divisions exhibit certain marked characteristics in common. They are concerned, as I have said, with the things that it most pleased Bennett to contemplate; and these were, first of all, wealth, the appurtenances of luxury, and the adventurous ingenuity, the hitherto unexploited charms of clever, rich, middle-aged men. Bennett's interest in machinery, yachts, hotels, railways and haberdashery, crowds the lesser novels, and appears in one way or another in nearly all of the others. Bennett says in connection with the writing of one of his play books: "I put in generous quantities of wealth, luxury, feminine beauty, surprise, and genial incurable optimism." And again: "I lavished wit and style on the thing, and there is no material splendour of modernity that I left out."

But wealth, luxury, and modern conveniences are things essentially of the kind that date, that are soon consigned, like old photographs, to an album of forgotten days. They have nothing to do with what is significant in human life; they satiate rather than sensitize, and thus change rapidly from fashion to fashion. To be sure, there is a certain romantic poetry in the costumes, manners, and even the furniture of a past era when these things reflect otherwise forgotten courtesies, dignities, and needs, or when they strike off rare sparks of humor. Who, for example, does not remember with joy the golden ewers, the silver bowls, the meats and wine of Homeric hospitality, or Mrs. Markleham's bonnet trembling with her emotions? Who does not wish at times to return to these purely material things, or others like them? But no one cares at all to return in fiction to a shop where any man with money may buy magnificent garments, or to the rooms and lounges of a gigantic hotel where any man with money may fritter away his time.

It is just in writing about such things as these, the gauds of wealth, that Arnold Bennett is most incurably romantic after his own particular fashion. He is like a child lost in a dream of enchanted gardens, a changeling smothered, not in faery wilds, but in modern luxury, who will not awaken and grow up. Now, however much the majority of men and women may temporarily enjoy, as indeed they do, the spectacle of the privileged few partaking of rare foods and wines in great continental hotels, in super-superb yachts, or princely railway coaches, such things are too far removed from ordinary experience to furnish as a spectacle more than a temporary amusement and escape from worry. Nothing in the world loses its savor so quickly as luxury. Most of us soon tire even of the dream of it, for it is dryer than skepticism.

This is not to say, however, that Bennett's novels written solely for amusement, especially the more fantastical of them, have no place in the scheme of things literary. They have a very definite place in the satisfaction of a popular demand that will always exist, the demand, the universal desire, for wonders and marvels. Because we no longer have in grown-up literature the dragons, giants, and immortal beings of ancient folk tale, we are likely to forget that in times past these tales were not made for children, but for men and women in a childhood of the race, which in many senses we have not outgrown. Our modern folk tale, no longer concerned with the supernatural, is the mystery-detective story, which is a truly international form of literature, like the old tales, since it springs up independently among all modernized people and is acceptable everywhere. The most fastidious readers still love, at least in secret, a good mystery, even a good horror story. But the chief requirement of it is that it must be good. In this sense Bennett's otherwise specious saying that "genuine art flourishes best in the atmosphere of popular demand", is true; for the fantasy and the mystery constitute a genuine fictional art.

There are certain proper ingredients in the modern mystery and certain unities it must preserve. The ingredients are: first, a complicated plot involving a mystery upon which light is slowly shed; second, a conflict between the bright desirable forces of law and order, and the dark, alluring forces of evil; thirdly, there must be beauty in at least one lady, and surpassing courage or wit in at

least one man; and further, a display of wealth, a tincture of what is horrid or gruesome, a dash of humor, and a little royalty or what passes for it now, sport and the stage. Above all, such a tale must have suspense to the last moment, an upward tide of fortune continuously disturbed by backwash and uneasiness until the final "happy ever after". No definite locality is needed, and only that amount of reality that will cause the tale to adhere to its own center. A racy, journalistic style is adequate.

The unities of the fantasy or mystery are its own, but more exacting than the unities, if such there be, of realistic fiction. It is impossible to define them, for each fantastic tale has its own laws of being, its own authority, and its own credibility in which the reader must be steeped. Perhaps the safest observation is that a chosen atmosphere and tone must be carefully preserved. No sadness is allowable, and no digressions into an acute realism. The incongruities of such a tale must be its own kind and no other, and so with its nonsense. In short, although its forms are many and possible innovations innumerable, the restraint of fantasy is, if anything, more compelling than the economy of realism.

I have spoken of the man in the fantastic mystery who must have surpassing courage or wit. In this regard Arnold Bennett made a very interesting innovation, so interesting and unusual that it has often been discovered by the critics and reviewers who have dealt with Bennett. "The deplorably frivolous novels of the nineties", as Miss Rebecca West calls them, of which the light novels of Bennett are a continuation, had usually for their hero a superlatively handsome young man. But Bennett's typical hero is, on the contrary, a middle-aged, very commonplace individual. He is a man who has completed his battle with the world and emerged, if not a millionaire, at least safely in possession of more than enough money for his needs. He is a man, moreover, of provincial simplicity who accepts with joyous astonishment and childish thrills the new luxuries that his money provides. Once before I mentioned Chesterton's remark about butterfly wings for the gay middle-aged, but what Chesterton means is of course the buoyancy of spirit that comes to Christian souls as they advance toward the grand consummation of existence. What Bennett means by the gaiety of the middle-aged is quite another thing. It

is the awakening of the boy mind and boy desires after a youth of laboring for fortune.

Since Bennett's rich man is invariably one risen from a lower level, he is not, in spite of his impeccable new garments, an aristocrat to the manner born. He fails in almost every crucial instance of the tact, courage, and gentleness of the true gentleman. Not that aristocrats are invariably gentlemen by any manner of means. We have learned the contrary, if not from experience, at least from the Fathoms, Crawleys, and Steerforths of English literature. But there does exist, especially in the English middle-class mind tutored by Kipling's child tales, a type conforming to a certain line of conduct that derives in part from the age of chivalry and in part from other cultures, a type which stands for the true gentleman, and which is found, if anywhere, among men with the leisure and intelligence to reflect. Mr. Prohack has ample leisure to reflect upon conduct and upon his relations to other people, but he has no vestige of any kind of culture, and so he is only a comic vulgar bourgeois without taste or tact. Mr. Racksole with millions at his disposal and with faultless evening clothes that he can wear with the negligent ease of custom, is yet so crudely inconsiderate that he whistles in hotel corridors at midnight. Denry is an almost sublimely vulgar shopkeeper on a holiday, and Mr. Frith-Walter forgets the woman under his care in time of danger, seeking at that moment to save only himself. These things are slight no doubt, and typical of most of the newly, even of the oldly rich. I mention them only to show what an unusual character for romantic fiction Bennett's rich man is.

He is, however, by no means an entirely contemptible or even unlikeable being. He possesses an interesting freshness of vision with regard to things that have long become stale matters of fact for other people. He can see a railway journey as a romantic idea, rather than as a prosaic affair of every day. He can look at waiters, servants, customs officers, at the soaring façade of a great hotel, with the eye that really sees, or that sees, perhaps, more of significance than is justifiable. He is goodnatured and has a kind of showy cleverness that is more akin to harmless chicane than to intelligence. If he has no marked splendors of personality, no royal courage, and no true tenderness of heart, he has at least no wild

and vagrant vices, and no morbid aestheticism. He is simply a commonsensical, provincial character charmingly enchanted with the glitter of cities.

As a matter of fact, this stock character of Bennett's light novels, the man of all others who most furnished him with amusement, is a reflection of his own experiences, and therefore, the more romantic as being subjectively conceived. Bennett's early life was spent not indeed in penury, but in the midst of a Spartan economy chiefly concerned with getting on to the greatly desired, respectable independence, and with escaping forever, like Darius Clayhanger, the poverty in which the life of the Five Towns was imbedded, upon which it was, in a sense, founded. However, not only Arnold Bennett's experience is thus reflected in his play books, and to a great extent in the others, but the very development of the times, the rise of an inhibited lower middle-class as a result of industrial expansion, the increasing worship by this class, of success, the frenzied unintelligent appetite for pleasures formerly restricted to an aristocratic few; in a word, the rise of that fearful race of beings, not always so kind and decent as Bennett's characters, the middle-aged wealthy globe-trotters pursuing satiation from one great hotel to another.

II.

The Grand Babylon Hotel, published in 1902, is the best of the fantasies. Indeed, Mr. Priestley has grouped all the stories of this type under one head, calling them the Grand Babylon Cycle, because, without great variation of type, they exhibit one purpose and one method. This first novel of the group is a glorious riot of romantic gaiety, brightly colored comic opera personages, and money spread about like pirate treasure. Everything is a little overdrawn, but everything is consistent with the wild impossibility of the tale. One feels that it might be successfully set to the tunes of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, for it is veritable light opera material. The mystery concerns a plot against Eugen, hereditary Prince of Poson. Mr. Racksole, "the unique and only T. R." [strange conjunction of words for a fanatic on syntax] is the stock rich man whose alertness, in spite of middle age, and whose habit of getting what he wants especially enchanted Mr. Bennett. The

inevitable expert of the Bennett novels is Rocco the chef, expert both at crime and carving; and Nella, the daughter of Mr. Racksole, is the to-be-expected beautiful lady who is involved in the schemes of the villains, and who, being an expert nurse, saves the life of Prince Eugen and marries his young uncle, Prince Aribert. Murders, attempted poisonings and abductions abound, but all ends in a great swell of success for the right people and a wedding gift of five million dollars for Nella. The most unusual thing about the story is that its setting is a London hotel, the transient abode of royalty and aristocracy, a place paradoxically distinguished by its "quietude, discretion, and simplicity". I suppose that Arnold Bennett was the first novelist to develop the possibilities of mystery and wild action that are inherent even in the most commonplace hotel.

The atmosphere of the whole is gaiety very slightly touched by Arnold Bennett's habitual irony. One of the chief requirements of a story of this kind is that we shall not become so attached to the characters as to regret any eventuality, or be confounded by any horror. The millionaires and royal persons of the Grand Babylon seem a long way off like puppets on a glittering stage, and they move about as to a tune compounded of the whirr of lifts, the pad of feet on velvet carpets, the tinkle of glass, and the murmur of soft conventional chatter and of orchestras in distant rooms.

Bennett's other stories of the same kind as *The Grand Babylon Hotel* have not the same happy success. They are more carelessly done as if Bennett felt too sure of himself. The mysteries are conceived upon a scale too grandiose and too fantastic for modern taste; the characters lack, in general, variety, and in particular, fidelity to themselves; and the mechanism is so crude that the reader is never carried away into an atmosphere of belief.

And again, fashions in light fiction change more rapidly than in any other kind of writing, and at present the doctrines of democracy have somewhat tarnished the fascinations of wealth. One can no longer rely upon the multitude of readers to be interested in a rich man simply because he is rich. The variety of characters possible for treatment in light fiction has enormously increased—to include college professors, professionals of sport, ladies of the

movies, bond salesmen, stenographers, nurses, and I dare say, even plumbers. Our heroes and heroines of light fiction are nearly all young again, often poor, and some of the most modern sex psychopathy has crept into frivolous novels. The old simple melodrama must be exceedingly skilful to stand the test of time. And Bennett did not exert himself for perfection in work of this kind. Under all his writing is faintly to be seen his contempt for his audience, particularly in this. He believed too easily that the public was pleased. He was more enamoured of "twenty thousand words a week" than of the excellence that may distinguish and perpetuate the novel of amusement.

III.

Throughout the second kind of play novels, those which are more realistic and probable than the first, and which are marked by an ironic observation, the same dominant, favorite personality seems to run. The alert, rich, middle-aged man of unlimited resource is still present. But in these books, of which the best examples are *Denry the Audacious* and *Mr. Prohack*, our rich man is treated with a kindly irony as if both he and his creator well knew the real worth of his pretensions to splendor. We are shown the man beginning in comparative obscurity, rising by the magic of his own wit, or by a succession of fortuitous circumstances to that high position that was Bennett's own goal—to the possession of wealth and to the freedom of grand society. We relish the rich man's astonishment at his own eminence, and the suave cocksure demeanor with which he covers up his awareness of the unusual in his new situation.

This second type of play novel deals more largely in mental attitudes and processes of thought than do the fantasies. *Mr. Prohack* is one long soliloquy. Mr. Prohack thinking benevolently on "the humanity of human nature", whatever that may mean; deciding to economize by giving up a club and relishing the spectacular features of this act. Mr. Prohack thinking about his wife and the mysterious charms of the married state—all the Bennett rich men find a certain mesmeric fascination in their decidedly dull wives. Mr. Prohack making mental objections to his new fortune, but desiring his family to be expensive and futile, develop-

ing an interest in motor cars, country houses, jewels, hotels, theatres, wines. Mr. Prohack going in an astonishingly wonderful car to buy astonishingly wonderful suits, socks, and ties. Mr. Prohack tempted to the verge of dalliance with Lady Massulam, and feeling that he has a "fatal charm"; making bad jokes at the expense of his family; clowning through delicate situations that would summon the tact of a better man. In the end, Mr. Prohack has not developed at all, with all of his much thinking. He is exactly what he was to start with, a shrewd, blind, decent, crude being with a few sentimental soft spots.

Denry, Hugo, Priam Farll, Allan Frith-Walter, and even, it may be said, Lord Raingo, are all slight variations of Mr. Prohack, the same mind, the same essential being with new names. The women that accompany the middle-aged rich man in his adventures have also a perceptible likeness to one another. There are a few set types that appear again and again like a company of stock actors who are not clever enough fully to assume the characters of their various parts. First, there is the wife type exemplified by Mr. Prohack's Eve, Nellie Cotterill, Mrs. Frith-Walter, and Constance Baines. She has all the proverbial dowdiness of the English middle-class woman, commendable in its way as being the result of a decent mind-my-own-business and manage-my-own-husband attitude, and of an aversion to spectacular sham. She is passionless, commonplace, highly conventional, lacking in wit, but capable of sudden deep wisdom. She is above all wholly comfortable for the man.

Then there is the scheming, all-alone type of woman, such as Ruth Earp and Helen with the high mind. "The career of every man", says Bennett, "is marked at the corners by such women". She is unscrupulous, grasping, fashioned with dark loveliness and provocative distinction. Lady Massulam is still a third type, the lady of generous proportions and vital opulent lure, a Lillith after Rubens. The most amusing of all Bennett's women are his mothers, patterned, if we believe his wife, on his own mother. She is the woman who cannot be deceived, who maliciously punctures all the bubbles of man's vanity, and who is the balance of common sense over against the flatulence of monied pride.

No doubt Bennett learned his types, both men and women, in

the Five Towns during the years when his observation was most penetrating and embracing. But for all that he wishes to weave romance about them and to insist upon their unique importance, they fail, after *The Old Wives Tale* and *Clayhanger*, to be individually memorable. Each set of types is a series of portraits of the same person; their witticisms have a family resemblance; their mental states are surprisingly the mental states of Bennett himself. Like flatly colored pictures, they have no suggestiveness, and once looked at, are fully comprehended and forgotten.

The most important of all the play novels in the division of ironic comedy is probably *Buried Alive*. As every one remembers, it is the story of a sensitive artist who finds delight and solace for his nerves by hiding himself among vulgar surroundings. The usual picture is reversed and we find Bennett, for once in these novels of amusement, working all the machinery of his romantic feelings to intensify the claims of blatantly common life. *Buried Alive* contains some of the most charming passages in all Bennett's work, and represents him at his best as a romancer of contemporary life.

The structure of nearly all the play novels is loose and jerky, so that they seem to be a crudely amalgamated series of short episodes. The atmosphere of the fairy tale clings to the most realistic of them, for the good fortune of the hero is too bright and too sudden to be entirely credible. Emotion is thinned, or rather strained to sentiment, and the tales are told with a flying facetious touch that brushes surfaces as if there were nothing beneath.

But with all their obvious faults on their heads, the play novels are decent, jolly tales. They do not provoke to laughter, but they have quiet comedy, farcical gaiety, and a sprightly, rapid style, which, if it is sometimes forced and melodramatic, is yet well suited to its purpose. They have not the vitality of the great English works of humor. Denry will never take a place by Ferdinand Count Fathom, nor Mr. Prohack by Mr. Pickwick. The field of these novels is limited and they have often been excelled in contemporary light fiction. Nevertheless, journalistic and temporary as they are, they stand on a high plane as novels whose purpose is purely to amuse, and they balance with a kind of stubborn sanity the morbid affections of modern society.

by Richmond C. Beatty

THE TRAITOR

I

I walked of old the path that led through bright
Marmoreal shafts to the blinding seat of God.
Had I not witnessed, too, the hardier sight
Of a fine but ancient body which had trod
Heavily through years still heavier laid low,
And heard the hymns they sang, and saw their eyes
Who sang them, shining as they turned to go
Back to the niggardly soil, and in nowise
Suspected but, as one in black had said,
Reading the words the snow could not confound,
These all should meet again, and break their bread
Together, with this lady in the ground?
And had I, even once, fell on my face
When left alone there, doubting of his grace?

II

There is a thing, I know, which unpossessed
Makes all my fever void. I can call
The name of it to you. I have confessed
I had it then. It did not let me fall.
It led me through that blinding snow to warm
Consoling hearths, and friends who knew my race
Before I weighed it down and did it harm
And blighted it forever. I can place
Myself among them there and live until
Peacefully I am gathered to my dead,
Until they say, "The oak that crowned the hill
Is blasted now. A stone is there instead."
And would have gone long since—but that would be
A mockery of the land that nourished me.

III

I am not of it now. Oh God, that this
Broken allegiance should go unresolved,
That water should usurp my blood its bliss,
Unreckoning what fealty it dissolved.
They were a sturdy tribe, faced winter's night,
And the darker night of death, knew war unwon,
The churlish ground and poverty, saw Right
Trampled by brutish Force. In the sun
That burned them black they worked it out and brought
The green fields there again. My house is vast,
And my books in a serried row—the thought
Of all their years done dryly up at last,
Neglected, with their ashes. And I know
The villainy in this, yet leave it so.

IV

I cannot speak their language this late day.
The wind has swept their fields a hundred years
And rain has rotted. I know not how to say
The prayer that robbed them of the ageless fears
Men feel before the dead. They left no scrip,
Save one whose message died when died my soul,
In the unremembered past. Mayhap they sipped,
I once did think, in hopes to make me whole,
Of a vintage fraught with poison, and felt not
Its essence creep into their loins with blight
Intended for their seed, nor guessed the rot
That ages later would insult the light—
A thought which but proclaimed my frenzied mind
Diseased too much to know its promptings blind.

V

I turn away from them and go alone.
The voice no longer sounds within my ears.
Although our substance tallies, bone for bone,
Time has reared up a difference all the years
To be cannot efface. The light no more
Blots out the dark. I cannot find the Lamb
In the dense bewildering briars, or restore
The blighted field it strayed in. What I am
Is fixed unalterably. So let it be.
But this I tell: No further child shall grow
To life out of *these* loins, to comfort me
Amid my loneliness, for well I know
When once a line becomes unfit to bear,
But turns aside, to feed upon despair.

by Eron Dunbar Rowland

PETITION

If I—
Given to much questioning,
Have nowhere more to rest my foot
Than hummingbird or butterfly,
O Hidden! O Unseen!
Grant me to know what flower to suck
What wind best suited to
So frail a wing.

by Harvey Curtis Webster

FACING FUTILITY

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S REALLY BRAVE NEW WORLD

*"Wandering between two worlds, one dead
The other powerless to be born,"*

SO many of us feel to-day. We are not a majority, of course; there are many who wallow Calibanishly in an Aimee Macphersonish or Billy Sundayish mire of certainty; still others, perhaps very wisely, are too much occupied with the business of living to ask "Why?" or "How?" or "Where?". There are, however, but few of those inclined to think about things in general who confront the world with sanguine eyes. We are all somewhat inclined to pessimism.

Pessimism is not, of course, a novelty of our age. It was Sophocles who said, "Not to be born is best"; it was The Preacher who declared that "All is vanity". But the new pessimism is of a more solid and lasting variety. It is not only based upon the perception of wide-spread injustice and ignobility; but it is also based upon our conception of man's ("a fortuitous product of atoms") insignificance before the physical universe. It is not only based upon our lack of a "God" to damn or bless, but also upon our realization that even human values have no more than a problematical importance. Love ("a kind of psychic botany") has no consistent divine or human sanction. . . . Human virtues are much less ostentatiously and much more regularly practised by animals; the ant is the perfect, and perhaps the only, example of social unselfishness. "Historical criticism having destroyed what used to be called by people of learning and intelligence 'Christian Evidences,' and biology having shown how unlikely it is that man is the recipient of any transcendental knowledge, there remains no foundation in authority for ideas of right and wrong; and if, on the other hand, we turn to the traditions of the human race, anthropology is ready to prove that no consistent human

tradition has ever existed." Although Mr. Krutch inclines to carry despair and uncertainty to excess (the above quotation comes from his *The Modern Temper*), we cannot reject him as derisively as we might desire. He comes too close to the truth, the very unpleasant truth against which we should like to set our faces. For, however ready we may have been to accept religious agnosticism or atheism, we must shudder at the thought of a moral agnosticism or atheism which vitally concerns our life in the here and now.

This new pessimism has been gaining force ever since the publication of Darwin's work, and has had new life added to it by most of the discoveries of modern behavioristic psychology, biology, naturalistic philosophy, biblical criticism, anthropology, and comparative study of religious and ethical codes. It is represented in late nineteenth century literature, along with the older pessimism, by the work of Thomas Hardy. Its children in contemporary letters are myriad. William Faulkner, in his *Sanctuary* and in other tales, explores the futility of existence with a terrible and convincing power, through the medium of psychopathic characters who seem probable and normal characters who seem psychopathic. Rose Macaulay, slightly amused, it is true, seems to be illustrating in all her novels, that Shakespearean quotation which gives the title to one of them—"Life . . . is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." This, with some qualifications, is the view of E. E. Cummings, of Norman Douglas, of Somerset Maugham, Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Hemingway, and countless others. All these men, though they are quite obviously not logical enough to throw away their pens and purchase revolvers, are impressed by the futility and absurdity of life and of what men live by. Yet there is one of these apostles of futility, Aldous Huxley, one, moreover, who has given us perhaps the most convincing picture of the vanity of things human, who has broken away to a probably saner, certainly a more hopeful, philosophy.

II.

It is more remarkable that Aldous Huxley has turned from the disillusioned literary pursuit of the futile than it is peculiar that he should ever have embraced such a trend. Everything in his

background combined with much which was innate to make him for several years the most intelligent and lucid exponent of this attitude. His grandfather, Thomas Huxley, was the great exponent of Darwin. From youth, the field of scientific knowledge has been native to him. While others have been forced, unwillingly, to embrace the disquieting knowledge about ourselves which naturalism brings, he has been born and bred upon Spencer and Darwin. Moreover, he has always been urged to keep his mind open to test the most disturbing discoveries. Long ago he learned what few of us ever learn—the fact that one feels something should be so does not make it true. Discard the merely consoling and pragmatic, accept only that which is unquestionable—such had been his method from earliest days. A readiness to accept the unpleasant truth is necessarily disconcerting. Most of us sheer away from probable disquietude; we do not see it because we are primarily concerned with getting through life enjoyably, even at the expense of truth, or because of a merely pragmatic idealogy. At that, we have ideals shattered and come to recognize many a forlorn hope; how much more shattering and recognition there is for Huxley who consistently refuses to accept the pleasant where the unpleasant seems probable!

Yet this predisposition to find out the illusory would not have produced the tone of his novels and essays by itself alone. There are those who see clearly how little the mixed pain and boredom of existence is worth and who still manage to enjoy laughing at the inexhaustibly ludicrous in man's pretensions; or take pleasure in molding an endurable society out of hard facts they willingly accept. They are the chosen few who have nothing of the romantic's yearning for a "world altogether better and fairer than this"; for the love which makes the sun and sky rejoice with its ecstasies—they accept the universe as it is; they pine for no Utopia; Utopias are impossible, therefore let us confine ourselves to the unbalanced mixture which makes up human life, they say. Huxley is none of these. Though his intellect tells him the ideal love and the man of cosmic importance are impossible imaginary figments, he nevertheless desires them. His is the idealist's heart, wishing man could "walk in beauty like the night" through "the best of all possible worlds." In this respect, he is somewhat like Francis Chellifer, in *Those Barren Leaves*, who expected his boyhood ideal to grow into a real goddess and turned against woman

when he found her a not very satisfactory (or very representative, we might say) specimen of mortality. It is with pain that he watches two lovers "quietly sweating palm to palm"; he would like to see them dispense with perspiration. There is pathos (born of the unhappy acceptance of what seems to be truth, however unpleasant) mixed with the cynical humour of many of Huxley's early poems. Closing *The Birth of God*, which traces the Deity's origin to man's need to fill an emptiness with illusion, he writes:

"The night drags on. Darkness and silence grow,
And with them my desire has grown.
My bitter need, alas, I know
I know that here I lie alone."

Tracing the ridiculous delights of mortals in his *Ninth Philosopher's Song*, he writes:

"But I, too rational by half
To live but where I bodily am,
Can only do my best to laugh
Can only sip my misery dram by dram."

In this same volume, he sounds again and again a note of disillusionment with physical love. This is perhaps best portrayed in the poem *Morning Scene*:

"Light through the latticed blind
Spans the dim intermediate space
With parallels of luminous dust
To gild a nuptial couch, where Goya's mind
Conceived those agonizing hands, that hair
Scattered, and half a sunlit bosom bare,
And imminently above them, a red face
Fixed in the imbecile earnestness of lust."

Recognizing that he is the evolved product of "an accidental collocation of atoms", and accepting "*Pithecanthropus erectus*" as his ancestor, he has the desires of a man who has been nourished upon Shelley and Wordsworth as well as Darwin. Sternly schooled, he accepts the apparent truth, however unpleasant; but his heart, which has advanced far from the Neolithic stage, rebels. So we have the pervading disillusionment of his earlier work which sees all, on this and the other side of the grave, as vanity.

III.

"It is an amazingly clever book," remarked an old teacher of mine concerning *Antic Hay*—"Yet I think we'd be much better off if it had never been written. There is so much disillusionment,

so much cynicism—" Although I cannot agree with this dictum, I must confess that this and other early works of Huxley have never increased my joy in life. With rare exceptions, the characters of *Limbo*, *Crome Yellow*, *Antic Hay*, and *Those Barren Leaves* are inconsequential, ignoble, unhappy people. With even fewer exceptions, the plots center about the futile pursuit of inane activities.

Consider the guests at Crome. There is Barbecue-Smith, the professional dealer-out of spiritual nostrums, patronized by the sporty, vapid, hypocritical hostess, Mrs. Priscilla Wimbush. His chief claim to fame is a "magnum opus" called *Pipe-Lines to the Infinite*. There is Mary, ridiculously preoccupied with putting her theoretical knowledge of love into practice. Whom shall she choose as her lover? Will her lover relieve her suppressed desires? What will Freud think of her dreams? There is the irrepressible Ivor, who helps Mary's repressions for a bit—a virtuoso equally proficient at making verses, painting, singing, playing the piano, and conjuring spirits from the vasty deep,—a charming lover who never wastes his abilities upon one woman for any length of time. There is Bodiham, the rector, who believes in a God of Wrath and is most capable of working himself into a fury about that wickedness in the world which contrasts so strikingly with his own infinite capacity for righteousness. There is Denis, the timid soul who tries terribly hard to believe in himself and his poetry, who makes a desperate attempt to capture the affections of Anne—but who cannot commit even suicide successfully. The sanest character in the book, Scogan, is a witty but interminable derider of artificiality in persons and pursuits. He offers the one constructive plan of the book—a scientific education of the race into belief in healthy insanities. The plot, of which there is little, centers about the inconsequential or unsuccessful amorous intrigues of the characters. The body of the book consists of conversation which ridicules everything on heaven and earth. The atmosphere of the novel is epitomized in the departure of Denis, unsuccessful in love, unsuccessful at suicide, disillusioned with everything. Desirous of leaving Crome until he is actually departing, he wishes at the last minute to stay, and again baffled in his desire, thinks of the carriage which is to take him off, as a hearse.

Mechanically he tapped the barometer that hung in the porch; the needle stirred perceptibly to the left. A sudden smile lighted up his lugubrious face.

"It sinks and I am ready to depart," he said, quoting Landor with an exquisite aptness. He looked quickly from face to face. Nobody had noticed. He climbed into the hearse.

Antic Hay concerns itself with Lypiatt, muscular Christian artist, shouter forth of his own merit, original imitator of the old masters whom he surpasses sometimes—in his imagination, Coleman, a sadistic howler of the black mass, Mercaptan whose "most precious work, however, was that little volume of essays, prose poems, vignettes, and paradoxes, in which he had so brilliantly illustrated his favorite theme—the pettiness, the simian limitations, the insignificance and the absurd pretentiousness of *Homo soi-disant sapiens*", Bolero, business man and genius in the field of advertising deception, Shearwater, devoted admirer of the mysteries of the kidney, Rosie Shearwater, a somewhat disillusioned seeker for erotic thrills in the grand manner, Myra Viveash, living as though on the death-bed of life, Gumbriel, Jr., inventor of pneumatic small-clothes, and disillusioned pursuer of anything which breaks the boredom of existence. Coleman seems to give us the panorama appropriate to the book:

Does it occur to you that at this moment we are walking through the midst of seven million distinct and separate lives and all completely indifferent to our existence . . . Seven million people, each one of whom thinks himself quite as important as each of us does. Millions of them are now sleeping in an empested atmosphere. Hundreds of thousands of couples are at this moment engaged in mutually caressing one another in a manner too hideous to be thought of, but in no way differing from the manner in which each of us performs, delightfully, passionately, and beautifully, his similar work of love. Thousands of women are now in the throes of parturition, and of both sexes, thousands are dying of the most diverse and appalling diseases, or simply because they have lived too long. Thousands are drunk, thousands have over eaten, thousands have not had enough to eat. And they are all alive, all unique and separate, like you and me. It's a horrible thought. Oh, if I could lead them all into that great hole of centipedes!

The keynote of the entire novel sounds on the last page. Mrs. Viveash and Gumbriil are standing on London Bridge looking toward St. Paul's.

Like time the river flowed, silent and black. Gumbriil and Mrs. Viveash leaned their elbows on the sill and looked out. Like time the river flowed, staunchlessly, as though from a wound in the world's side. For a long time they were silent. They looked out, without speaking, across the flow of time, at the stars, at the human symbol hanging miraculously in the moonlight . . .

'Tomorrow,' said Gumbriil, at last, meditatively.

'Tomorrow,' said Mrs. Viveash interrupting him, 'will be as awful as to-day'. She breathed it like a truth from beyond the grave prematurely revealed, expiringly from her death-bed within.'

Huxley's last novel before the change, *Those Barren Leaves*, continues the same tradition. Miss Thriplow, the novelist, with her worked-up ecstasies over "Darling Jim" and Calamy is a subtle variation upon Barbecue-Smith and Lypiatt. Mrs. Aldwinkle, the hostess, desirer of lovers, perpetual youth, literary lions, and spiritualistic communications, owner of Italian stars and scenery as well as land, is similar to Mrs. Priscilla Wimbush. Irene, her protégée, resembles Rosie Shearwater and Mary. Francis Chellifer is a cleverer, more attractive Denis or Gumbriil. Cardan, sceptical philosopher, belongs to the family of Scogan. The key-character of the novel is Chellifer, and his disillusionment with mankind is quite as marked as any in Huxley. His disgust is traceable to the discovery that man is never sapiently human; man's virtues and vices are equally the result of "stupidity, the being unaware". Man as he should be, *a thinking animal*, nowhere exists; Man as he is, is found in the offices of the *Rabbit Fancier's Gazette* and Miss Carruthers' boarding house of morons. Nor is Chellifer's disgust confined to others; looking within he finds himself foolish and irrational, the victim of ideas as insane as those embraced by the rest of mankind.

Essentially, as Mr. Huxley sees it in this earlier period, man is

"Born under one law, to another bound,
Vainly begot and yet forbidden vanity;
Created sick, commanded to be sound."

(This quotation from Fulke-Greville, appears five times in Hux-

ley's writings), and "civilization looks as though it might easily decline into a kind of premature senility. With a mind almost atrophied by lack of use, unable to entertain itself and grown so wearily uninterested in the ready-made distractions offered from without that nothing but the grossest stimulants of an ever-increasing violence and crudity can move it, the democracy of the future will sicken of a chronic and mortal boredom." "Not to be born is best," said Sophocles.

IV.

"—Yet I think we'd be much better off if it had never been written," remarked my professor of *Antic Hay*. Should a great bonfire be made of the countless circulating copies of *Crome Yellow*, *Antic Hay*, and *Those Barren Leaves*? Would we be better off if these books dissipated themselves into nothingness? I should return a negative answer. Even disregarding the intellectual power of his style, which is capable of intellectually orgiastic results, and the almost perpetual charm of his irony and humor (remember the advertising campaign for Gumbriel's small-clothes in *Antic Hay*!) there is much which makes for health in the disillusionment of his earlier novels.

We are somehow inclined to look upon disillusionment as a leper's mark. We resent being termed disillusioned; as though the word were synonymous with dissolute, we shy away from those who seem to belong to this species. Actually, as *Webster* informs us, disillusionment is "to be freed from illusions," and illusions, to quote the same authority, are "deceptive appearances". There—surely—is something not altogether disagreeable; we all wish to base our lives upon reality. Yet it is not inexplicably strange that this state of mind is regarded as a disease. Like a bodily malady, it is painful. To find that apparent realities, perhaps embraced throughout much of our lives, are only deceptive appearances, is more disagreeable than losing a wisdom tooth. But it is a necessary stage of attaining health. Man cannot live comfortably for long on deceptive appearances. Sooner or later, reality slaps him in the face. If you think your son is perfect, it is best you discover the truth.

Although it is true that disillusionment is not, after all, a very modern malady, but one which man has had to endure since he became a thinking animal, yet there is a difference between the

disgust of a hundred years ago and that of to-day, which makes it particularly difficult to pass through this necessary station on the road to health. Men were then, inclined to be individually rather than universally disillusioned. Love at first sight did not work out well in a single man's case, but he did not realize that such love is an illusion, whoever may embrace it. He still considered chastity an unquestionably sacred and desirable thing. He thought that there were some heroes, so nearly approaching perfection, that they might be unquestionably followed. But we are having our faith in so many values destroyed that some of us feel the embracing of any ideal futile. Such an attitude has produced the literature of futility, which is, essentially, the product of a general disillusionment with the old, well-nigh consecrated standards of human conduct. This sense of futility, so strongly felt by man to-day, if it continued to prevail, would make suicide more logical than it has ever been before. The literature of futility, however, does not necessarily postulate that all possible human beliefs are vain—it merely declares that it is futile to accept many of our old concepts. And if they are really illusions,—is it not useless to hold to them? Is it not healthier to drop them and look for something else that is real? The general disillusionment expressed in the literature of futility, although many of its leaders do not recognize the fact, is actually a clearing away of sham doctrine and a making ready for a new and more soundly constructed synthesis.

Let us take a typical example of illusory idea and see whether Huxley's disillusionment is beneficial or the reverse. The divine quality of physical love is one of the illusions we accept most complacently. Inspired by a reading of romantic novels, and impelled by the moon and the first adolescent impulses of sex, youth tends to identify natural attraction with love. The newness and sensual sweetness of a first kiss almost requires belief in something more than mortal. But this feeling, that the arousing of one's emotional being by physical contact is eternal and God-granted, has consequences which are not altogether desirable. It is a pleasant illusion which makes us see the perfect woman before us when our sex-instinct is first roused. But it is an illusion which many men live to regret. The sacred testimony of sensory evidence is unfortunately often a prompter to marriage. Juliet turns out to be a shrew who nags at bed and board. She has a mole on her cheek. She runs costly charge accounts at the department

store . . . Might it not be better to recognize this misconception before vows bind "till death do us part"?

The reader of these novels might feel that Huxley is disillusioned not only with physical passion, but with what we vaguely, yet truly, characterize as spiritual love, as well. The fact is, however, that Huxley, up to *Point Counter Point*, is not concerned with any transcendental emotions. All his characters are quite convinced that there is nothing sacred in sexual desire; the fact perturbs them; they do not, however, seem to think that anything, outside the body, supplies a basis for affection. Most of them are like Walter Bidlake who wishes, desperately, to feel that a flame of sanctity illuminates his purely sensual passion for Lucy Tantamount. So we have him, in the midst of the emotion of coition, asking, "Lucy, do you *love* me?" "What does it matter?" she answers—and a few weeks later she leaves him for an unsentimental and brutal Italian with whom she can experience the new sensation of masochism. Although Huxley does not seem to see, until we come to the Rampions and Phillip Quarles in his last novel, anything more satisfactory, his lovers are continuing examples of the futility of expecting any real satisfaction from physical contacts. The romantic in him cries out that love should not be so; the rationalist, who always predominates in Huxley's dual nature, shows the absurdity of the illusions about passion which Walter Bidlake, Francis Chellifer, and countless others hold. All these characters grieve to find love mere "psychical botany"; some like Spandrell, would have it devil-sent, others, like young Bidlake, would have it God-sent. But they are all made unhappy by their foolish overemphasis and misunderstanding of desire. It is not, of course, Huxley's purpose to point the moral that entirely physical love is completely unsatisfactory. But he does express, through his character treatment, his own disillusionment with the old idea that physical attraction is a portent direct from the heavens. He recognizes it for what it is, a product of natural biological causes, and consistently portrays it as that. Such a starkly rational attitude frequently gives him pain; even more often it has a disturbing effect upon us. But he is, if we are to believe the proof of modern research, taking a tenable point of view. Unless we wish to cling to the unreal, we must admit that his disillusionment is a proper one, tearing down the false to make way for the true. And that is healthy for us—healthier, even, than those tales

which picture the first kiss of love as a divine prophecy of eternal happiness. It is, moreover, only one of many examples, which might be given, of the possibly salutary effect of Huxley's artistic portrayal of disillusionment.

Finding out illusions is, in itself, a good thing. "Apart from all utilitarian argument," Bertrand Russell declares in his *Skeptical Essays*, "the search for a happiness based upon untrue beliefs is neither very noble nor very glorious.—No man is liberated from fear who dares not see his place in the world as it is; no man can achieve the greatness of which he is capable until he has allowed himself to see his own littleness." It is uncomfortable to see our own littleness, a kind of birth-pang necessary before the forming of a truer conception of existence. It is hard for all of us, as it was for Huxley, to realize that our senses are not completely trustworthy. We all wish to feel this the best of all possible worlds, filled with noble "humans", pursuing worthy ends. We like to believe in our own cosmic importance and reflect how much the world might mourn our death. It is painful to realize how many Myra Viveashes there are, going from one novelty to another, feeling "Tomorrow will be as awful as to-day"; how many Shearwaters there are, giving up all sense of balance in the pursuit of a possibly barren scientific experiment. We do not like to probe beneath the surface of a Lypiatt or Burlap and realize how much their pretended spirituality owes to "an intense process of spiritual masturbation". These are facts whose reflections we should like to keep off the mirror of our consciousness. But if such things are, is it not best to know? Is it not best to have Huxley show them in his novels? Believing what is comfortable has never been a very satisfactory philosophy. Once convince a man that his idea of the universe is illusory and he will want to abandon living or his old lights. Show up an illusion (a difficult task if we are custom-wedded to it) and man leaves it to seek the really true. If Huxley's picture of life is a correct one, we had best see what we can do without our false ideals, no matter how many generations they have companioned. Our disillusionment may give birth to a set of values which will be more lasting.

V.

The change which first clearly showed itself in *Point Counter Point* does not come as an entire surprise to the reader of the

earlier works. There has always been something eminently *sane* in Huxley's treatment of insanity. Throughout all his work from 1920 to 1928 it is sufficiently obvious that he considers most of his characters as essentially absurd. By this I do not mean that Huxley is a self-sufficient Olympian toying with human puppets. He feels a sympathy for them which is possible only to a mortal who recognizes this same absurdity and insanity within himself. There were many times during these years when he felt that all was vanity in human pursuits and human characters. But he was conscious of men's tendency toward abnormalcy. He had diagnosed his disease and was looking for a remedy. It is true that he never articulates a good reason for continuing the struggle, that he continually regards human values as painfully inadequate, that he considers "What man knows everywhere at war with what man wants," that his most intelligent characters, Scogan, Francis Chellifer, and Cardan, are dissatisfied with man and his universe. But Huxley never shouts a pæan of despair; he seems everlastingly conscious that there is a reason, terribly elusive but existing, to justify a continuance of existence. The nearest admission of complete defeat contained in Huxley's books comes in his essay, *On Re-Reading "Candide"*: "il faut cultiver notre jardin." Yes, but suppose one begins to wonder why?" This quotation does not truthfully represent the spirit of the group of essays in which it is included. *On the Margin* assails many modern fallacies: our modern conception of the subject-matter of poetry, jazz music, inane pleasure-seeking, democratic art, British erotic hypocrisy, advertisements, and precious fiction. But the book also contains certain intimations of possible rational and enjoyable living. "It is when circumstances combine to prove, with syllogistic cogency, that life is not worth living that I turn to [Edward] Lear and find comfort and refreshment. I read him and perceive that it is a good thing to be alive; for I am free with Lear, to be as inconsequent as I like." Speaking of the Italians' celebration of a centenary, he remarks, "Rare people! If only we Anglo-Saxons could borrow from the Italians some of their realism, their love of life for its own sake, of palpable, solid immediate things. In this dim land of ours we are accustomed to pay too much respect to fictitious values; we worship invisibilities and in our enjoyments of immediate life we are restrained by imaginary inhibitions. We think too much of the past, of metaphysics, of tradition, of the ideal

future, of decorum and good form; too little of life and the glittering noisy moment." Writing of Chaucer, comparing him to Anatole France, Huxley speaks with evident approval of their essential outlook—"Both men possess a profound love of this world for its own sake, coupled with a profound and general skepticism about all that lies beyond this world. To both of them the lavish beauty of Nature is a never-failing and all-sufficient source of happiness. Neither of them are ascetics; in pain and privation they see nothing but evil. To both of them the notion that self-denial and self-mortification are necessarily righteous and productive of good is wholly alien. Both of them are apostles of sweetness and light, of humanity and reasonableness." *Those Barren Leaves* ends on a note of hopefulness not found in his earlier fiction. Calamy, although he has always concerned himself more conscientiously with the satisfaction of physical desire than with any other pursuit, has always felt that, freed from this ignoble pursuit, he would be able to find some reason behind things. Toward the close of the book, he frees himself from his mistress, Mary Thriplow, the poseuse in emotion, and goes to a mountain cabin to think things out. As the book closes, he thinks "perhaps he had been a fool . . . But looking at that shining peak, he was somehow reassured." Eminently sane, too, are Huxley's meditations on the value of travel at the close of *Jesting Pilate* [1926]:

Our sense of values is intuitive. There is no proving the real existence of values in any way that will satisfy the logical intellect. Our standards can be demolished by argumentation; but we are none the less right to cling to them. Not blindly, of course, nor uncritically. Convinced by practical experience of man's diversity, the traveller will not be tempted to cling to his own inherited national standard as though it were necessarily the only true and unperverted one. He will compare standards; he will search for what is common to all; he will observe the ways in which each standard is perverted, he will try to create a standard of his own that shall be as far as possible free from distortion. In one country, he will perceive, the true fundamental standard is distorted by an excessive emphasising of hierarchic and aristocratic principles; in another by an excess of democracy. Here too much is made of work and energy for their own sakes; there, too much of *miere being*. In certain parts of the world he will find spirituality run wild; in others a stupid materialism that would deny the very existence of values. The traveller will

observe these various distortions and will create for himself a standard that shall be, as far as possible, free from them—a standard of values that shall be as timeless, as uncontingent on circumstances, as nearly absolute as he can make them. Understanding diversity and allowing for it, he will tolerate, but not without limit. He will distinguish between harmless perversions and those which tend actually to deny or stultify the fundamental values. Toward the first he will be tolerant. There can be no compromise with the second.

With the publication of *Point Counter Point*, we find Aldous Huxley, still disillusioned with the values he so constantly assails in his early work, presenting for the first time a constructive philosophy. It does not base itself upon any particular metaphysical system, being primarily concerned with this life as it may be lived, regardless of the causes which brought us into existence or their sympathy with us. It can hardly be said that this system holds a great deal of immediate hope, being, as it is, a far cry from the attitude of the majority of characters in *Point Counter Point*. Most of them, with the exception of Mark Rampion, the constructor of the new symposium, and Phillip Quarles, the admirer of Rampion, are just as futile pursuers of the inane as are the characters in *Antic Hay* and *Crome Yellow*. But we do have a way of living presented which seems to the author (perhaps Phillip Quarles is a self-portrait) eminently satisfactory. "If life were lived as Rampion lives it," Huxley seems to say, "there would be some point in being alive."

The novel centers about Rampion and his ideas. All the other characters exist to afford, by their insanity, effective contrast to Rampion's sanity. Each one represents a deplorable excess. Spandrell is the bored experimenter, specializing in seduction and murder, "a morality-philosophy pervert"; Burlap, insincere putter-on of the spiritual plaster-cast, is "a pure little Jesus pervert"; Lucy Tantamount and John Bidlake, constant seekers for new sensual experiences, are sex-perverts; Lord Tantamount, perpetually dwelling in the intellectual realm of physical biology, and unconscious of the world and its creatures, is an "intellectual-scientific pervert." There are others, but these represent the main varieties of perversion against which Rampion rebels. His own philosophy, which comes very near the supposed Greek ideal, is "Nothing in excess". He derides the inordinate striving, which is so typical of many Browning characters,—"It's all a damned lie",

he says, "and an idiotic lie at that—all this pretending to be more than human. Idiotic because it never comes off . . . You try to be more than human, but you only succeed in making yourself less than human." Shelley is set aside for particular mention because of his faulty grasp upon reality—"The way he was always pretending for the benefit of himself and everybody else that the world wasn't really the world, but either heaven or hell. And that going to bed with women wasn't really going to bed with them, but just two angels holding hands." St. Francis, the ideal of Burlap, "a pure little Jesus pervert", meets with Rampion's disapproval because of his unhealthy disregard of the senses and the things of the world. "To be a perfect animal *and* a perfect human—that was the ideal," as Rampion considered it. "Civilization is harmony and completeness. Reason, feeling, instinct, the life of the body—Barbarism is being lop-sided. You can be a barbarian of the intellect (Quarles and Lord Tantamount) as well as of the body (John Bidlake). A barbarian of the soul and feelings (Burlap) as well as of sensuality (Spandrell and Lucy Tantamount). Christianity made us barbarians of the soul and now science is making us barbarians of the intellect." Rampion would have human beings live as befits humans, avoiding the excesses of the perverts, Burlap, Lord Tantamount, and the rest, yet giving as much play as possible "to reason, feeling, instinct and the life of the body".

Huxley's following books, notably *Music at Night* and *Brief Candles*, show that Rampion's philosophy is one Huxley has permanently embraced. No less than five essays (*Tragedy and the Whole Truth*, *Art and the Obvious*, *Squeak and Gibber*, *To the Puritan all Things are Impure*, and *The New Romanticism*) deal specifically with subjects which would have vitally concerned Rampion and which he might have treated in much the same manner. They all emphasize the value of well-balanced living, living which accepts and assimilates even apparently unpleasant facts, living which does not stray so far from universal truisms in its ideals that it becomes only different and inconsequential, living which places the main emphasis upon the present life rather than the squeak and gibber, living which does not hesitate to affirm the good life of the body, as well as the good life of the spirit. None of the essays displays the brilliance of *Point Counter Point*, but they are all capable and sane treatments of vital matters.

Particularly interesting and sane is Huxley's essay on *The New Romanticism*, the romanticism which has changed "the hour of glory in the flower" into "the hour of glory in the machine", the glorification of the individual into the glorification of the commune, the love of beauty into—cubism. "Personally," Huxley concludes "I have no great liking for either of the romanticisms. If it were absolutely necessary for me to choose between them, I think I would choose the older one. An exaggeration of the significance of the soul and the individual, at the expense of matter, society, machinery, and organization, seems to me an exaggeration in the right direction. The new romanticism, so far as I can see, is headed straight toward death. (But then, what I call death, the new romantics would call life, and *vice versa*.) No, if I had my way, I would not choose either of the romanticisms; I would vote for the adoption of a middle course between them. The only philosophy of life which has any prospect of being permanently valuable is a philosophy which takes in all the facts—the facts of mind *and* the facts of matter, of instinct and intellect, of individualism *and* of sociableness. The wise man will avoid both extremes of romanticism and choose the realistic golden mean." *Brief Candles*, characteristically, is a group of studies in excess, holding up for our view more specimens of those sub-humans before whom Huxley always becomes vocal.

It would be possible to elaborate this treatment of Huxley's philosophy. It is my object, however, to point out rather than to exhaust. Here is a philosophy which has emerged from the depths of futility in which Huxley has been submerged for so long, the first constructive and hopeful view of living, I believe, which has issued from the school whose prophet he was. It may not be satisfactory to many who have suffered disillusionment; no philosophy can be swallowed whole in a world made up of varying personalities. It may not be satisfactory to Huxley five years from now. It is not an entirely new synthesis, owing, after all, a great deal to obvious statements of truth which have been made from Greek times down to our day. But if Huxley has arrived at a not very excitingly novel philosophy, it is not because he is intellectually incapable of doing so. It is because he believes, both platitudinously and profoundly, that the old truths are the great truths. This philosophy comes from a man who has always preferred the unpleasant truth to the cheerful illusion, who has always endeavored to make sure his best light is not darkness.

by William S. Knickerbocker

MR. STOLL'S SHAKSPERE

*we're not factious,
Or envy one another for best parts,
Like quarreling actors that have passionate fits;
We submit always to the writer's wits.*

—MIDDLETON.

WHAT was for the Victorians the famous "Homeric Question" (a parlor diversion which provided intellectual excitement after business hours for financiers, lawyers, clergy, and even the tireless Gladstone himself) gives way, in our time, to the Shakspearean question. Of course, we have the Baconians with us always: I am not speaking of *their* "question". The Shakspearean Question for us of 1934 seems to resolve into a catena of three factitious queries: Is Shakspeare solely for the Armchair, for relaxed reading and therefore to be prohibited from stage production because the theatre destroys Shakspeare's poetic illusion? Or, are his plays to be violently snatched from languid, dreamy Armchairers and exclusively reserved for the horrors of scissors and paste in the scholar's study? Or, thirdly, are they to be anathema to both readers and scholars and to be exclusively the property of the theatre?

The publication of two small books¹ during the later months of 1933 seems to call for a showing of hands to each of these questions: Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith's *On Reading Shakespeare* answers the first in the affirmative while Mr. E. E. Stoll's *Art and Artifice in Shakespeare* seems in spite of the inherent contradiction to move for the other two. Mr. Stoll spends considerable erudition in demonstrating what happens to Shakspeare when he is interpreted by amiable, impressionistic readers, on the one hand, or by literally-minded pedants on the other.

¹ART AND ARTIFICE IN SHAKESPEARE: A Study in Dramatic Contrast and Illusion. By E. E. Stoll. Cambridge, England: University Press. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933, pp. 178.

ON READING SHAKESPEARE. By Logan Pearsall Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933, pp. 191.

"The greatest of dramatists," notes Mr. Stoll, "is careful, not so much for the single character, as for the drama; indeed, he observes not so much the probabilities of the action, or the psychology of the character, as the psychology of the audience, for whom the action and character are framed. Writing hastily, but impetuously, to be played, not read, he seizes upon almost every means of imitation and opportunity for excitement which this large liberty affords."

Mr. Pearsall Smith in his delightful *causerie* presents the opposite point of view, refuting Mr. Stoll and the latter's disciples:

Shakespeare's plays, they tell us, were not written to be read, but acted, and to read them is to miss their true significance and meaning. They are performances, designed for the eyes and ears of their spectators, moving pageants of action, sound, and color; the texts we possess are like operatic scores: to read one of these is at the best but reading the score of an opera and trying to hum its tunes.*

Mr. Pearsall Smith meets the Stollites in full tilt. He holds no very high notion of Shakspeare on the Stage; and indeed, brazenly restores the Armchair for readers of Shakspeare:

I am, of course, aware that there are people of the most delicate sensibility who love to see Shakespeare's plays acted; but I cannot enter into their minds, nor understand their taste . . . I at least am not alone in my preference in reading Shakespeare's plays, to seeing them performed. It is shared by many of his wisest lovers, and Goethe, Hazlitt, Lamb, and Coleridge were all of this opinion.*

But, not content with daring to dissent from Professor Stoll in open meeting, Mr. Pearsall Smith proceeds to waft him his love and kisses in most unabashed manner:

Professor Stoll is one of the most erudite of living Shakespeare scholars, and possesses also an accurate and unrivalled knowledge of dramatic history . . . and his scholarship is accompanied, as all sound scholarship should be accompanied, by a vigorous gift of vituperation . . . Altogether an awkward customer, a fierce eagle in the fluttered dovescotes, a wolf in the quiet fold of literary professors, and one who is moved to derision and no pity by their cooings and transcendental bleatings.*

*ART AND ARTIFICE, p. 168.

*ON READING SHAKESPEARE, p. 22.

*Ibid. p. 154.

*Ibid. p. 26.

Charmingly written, Mr. Pearsall Smith's book resuscitates Shakspeare for the gentle reader in the armchair: in six alluring and occasionally whimsical chapters ("On Not Reading Shakespeare", "The Great Adventure", "The Great Reward: Poetry", "Character", "The Enigmas", and "The Touch Beyond"), he threads the labyrinth of recent Shakspearean criticism and attempts to slay by blarney the Minotaur of Minnesota. His conception of Shakspeare mediates to the general reader in an urbane and serene style the results of others' laborious and cautious scholarship:

[Shakespeare] chose the drama as the dominant and most lucrative form of the literature of his age. This was his instrument of expression, and probably, as his poems suggest, the only instrument by which his gifts could have found their full expression, though there is reason to suppose that, could he have afforded it, he would much rather have been a writer of poems than a playwright. But, though the drama was the instrument which drew forth his gifts, his genius gradually outgrew that instrument, and we can best appreciate that genius when we can emancipate it, as by reading we can emancipate it, from the kind of drama in which his contemporaries delighted, and with which he provided them without stint.*

II.

Art and Artifice recapitulates, without verbally repeating except in some indicated paragraphs, Mr. Stoll's earlier studies: it is he says, "a synthesis of my opinions concerning Shakespeare's central structure; now put upon paper, as it has naturally (or unnaturally) come about in my mind." There may be some excuse for Mr. Pearsall Smith's ignoring the present status of the Shakspearean problem as framed by some important books of the last decade; but for Mr. Stoll, there can be little or none, because he is an acknowledged leader among Shakspearean scholars. Yet in this, his latest book, he has hardly moved forward from the positions he established a quarter of a century ago and has not revised them in the light of some scholarly works printed since, or synchronously with, his *Shakespeare Studies*. Perhaps it is too much to expect a veteran, scarred by many battles, to leave the scenes of his bitterest conflicts. "Not that I am myself aware

*Ibid p. 160.

of having anything to retract," says Mr. Stoll in his introduction to *Art and Artifice*. "... To a work of art there are no additions or appendages; and to a work of criticism, no postscripts." But, I am naïvely moved to inquire, isn't scholarship itself (as well as responsible criticism) a matter of necessary and continuing revisions, and of as many postscripts as the advance of knowledge demands? Matthew Arnold's observation is not outmoded: "To try and approach truth on one side after another; not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward, on any one side, with violence and self-will,—it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious Goddess whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus in outline. He who will do nothing but fight impetuously towards her on his own, one, favorite, particular line, is inevitably destined to run his head into the folds of the black robe in which she is wrapped." Honor to that critic or scholar whose sense of responsibility is so disciplined and sensitive that, upon mature conviction, he will revise his opinions and add as many postscripts as the pure addiction to truth commands! Far be it from me to question Mr. Stoll's "addiction to truth" but his insistent and impetuous fight on his own, one, favorite, particular line reveals his failure to coördinate his efforts with the advance of competent Shakspearean discussion of the last decade. No attempt to evaluate his *Art and Artifice in Shakespeare* can be adequate which fails to see it in its context of Shakspearean criticism, scholarship, and interpretation.

Does confusion beset the hardy adventurer who proposes to thread this labyrinth? Ah, sighs the timid however earnest reader, there are so many different and even contradictory matters in those books on Shakspeare, as Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith so exquisitely reminds us. Where begin and keep one's wits? Should one, like Mr. Pearsall Smith, select one single, canonized guide like A. C. Bradley and pass the others by? Or should the timid but earnest devotee of Shakspeare be immune to the blandishments of Bradley and other philosophic interpreters and stoically restrict his penitential reading of Shakspearean commentaries to works of pure scholarship? Alas! there is always the suspicion that reading such works will destroy Prospero's magic wand and banish his enchanted isle. There are those, said Mr. William Witherle Lawrence,

who frankly regard the study of historical conditions and influences as a hindrance to full imaginative sympathy. The dramatist means, they say, what he means to you. Break the fetters of purblind peering into musty tomes, and enter into the warm rosy sunshine of his great spirit! There is no law against such procedure, but no consistent and solid interpretation of Shakespeare can ever result from it. The ultimate result is likely to be illuminative of the critic's own mental processes rather than of Shakespeare . . . If the interpreter is himself a man of intellectual and imaginative power, his conclusions will be worth attention; if he is not, they will be negligible in just the measure in which he himself falls short in those qualities.

This is sage counsel: we may, Mr. Lawrence the scholar assures us, while remaining true to scholarship, venture exposure to interpretation. But, to cap the matter, hear the words of an interpreter himself, one who genuflects in the presence of scholarship too! "And certainly," wrote Mr. Pearsall Smith in *On Reading Shakespeare*, "the debt I owe to the great interpreters of literature is far too large to allow me to join in the common abuse of critics; they have given me ears, they have given me eyes, they have taught me—and taught all of us really—the best way of appreciating excellence, and how and where to find it. How many sights unguided travellers pass by! how many beauties readers of great books will miss, if they refuse to read the books about them." And Mr. Pearsall Smith's book itself is a clear demonstration that confusion does not necessarily result from intelligent efforts to thread that labyrinth of Shakspearean scholarship and criticism.

Still, Mr. Pearsall Smith would doubtless concede even of his own work the truth of Mr. Lawrence's canny observation about interpreters of Shakspere: "The ultimate result is likely to be illuminative of the critic's own mental processes rather than those of Shakespeare." Interpreting Shakspere is as good a mirror as one could wish, for the spell of Shakspere draws out by some incalculable power the very heart and mystery of the commentator himself. Mr. T. S. Eliot noticed this too and cleverly made it the inspiring motive of one of his revealing essays:

I would say that my only qualification for venturing to talk about [Shakspere] is, that I am *not* under the delusion that Shakespeare in the least resembles myself, either as I am or as I should like to imagine myself. It seems to me that one of the chief reasons for questioning Mr. Strachey's Shake-

speare, and Mr. Murry's and Mr. Lewis's, is the remarkable resemblance which they bear to Mr. Strachey, and Mr. Murry, and Mr. Lewis respectively. I have not a very clear idea of what Shakespeare was like. But I do not conceive him as very like either Mr. Strachey, or Mr. Murry, or Mr. Wyndham Lewis, or myself.

Mr. Eliot's cavalier dismissal of books on Shakspeare by his three eminent contemporaries is another of his entertaining paradoxes—perhaps unresolved contradictions. For if there is a development of doctrine in the True Church as Newman in his famous essay proved for the faithful, and if there is a development of literary tradition by the introduction, into the ideal order, of the new, the really new creative work, as Mr. Eliot has himself asserted, then there may also be a development of doctrine about Shakspeare even by those like Messrs. Strachey, Murry, and Lewis who see him as their own image. Mr. Eliot's interesting paradox elaborated in his "Tradition and the Individual Talent" is very useful here: you may not dismiss an interpretation of Shakspeare, however novel or eccentric, merely because it reflects the express image of its creator. No, "Shakspeare" is, as Mr. Eliot should say, not only his own work, but also all those Shaksperes which have been created in the image of their creators; and these images, too, are valuable to know; for, even if they are created illusions, they have percolated to us through the mediation of those who made us. So to know them is, in part, to know ourselves.

Elsewhere, there may be no accessible canon for tradition, but for Shakspeare there is. Access to it is no longer secret, orally transmitted from older recondite scholars to younger; for it is now available in print to any one, however languorous or resigned. Two histories of Shakspearean criticism have been published recently: one of a specified scope; the other more comprehensive. Robert W. Babcock's *Genesis of Shakespeare Idolatry*⁷ is a carefully documented survey of Shakspearean criticism and commentary from 1766 to 1799; while Augustus Ralli's two-volume, *A History of Shakespearean Criticism*,⁸ epitomizes the most significant essays and books on Shakspeare which have ever been

⁷THE GENESIS OF SHAKESPEARE IDOLATRY. 1766-1799. A Study in English Criticism of the late Eighteenth Century. By Robert Witbeck Babcock, Ph.D., Chapel Hill, North Carolina: The University of North Carolina Press. 1931 Pp. 307.

⁸A HISTORY OF SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM. By Augustus Ralli. Oxford University Press. 1932. 2 Vols.

printed. Mr. Ralli's history, unfortunately, stops just short of the *annus mirabilis* in Shakspearean scholarship—1927: he ends his labors with the year 1925. The significance of the year 1927 for the newer turn of Shakspeare doctrine was appropriately celebrated by our most fastidious critic in an essay published that year, called "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca":

"The last few years" said Mr. Eliot in his pastoral office, "have witnessed a number of recrudescences of Shakespeare. There is the fatigued Shakespeare, a retired Anglo-Indian, presented by Mr. Lytton Strachey; there is the messianic Shakespeare, bringing a new philosophy and a new system of yoga, presented by Mr. Middleton Murry; and there is the ferocious Shakespeare, presented by Mr. Wyndham Lewis in his interesting book, *The Lion and the Fox* . . . Whether Mr. Strachey, or Mr. Murry, or Mr. Lewis, is any nearer to the truth of Shakespeare than Rymer, or Morgann, or Webster, or Jonson, is uncertain; they were all more sympathetic in the year 1927 than Coleridge, or Swinburne, or Dowden. If they do not give us real Shakespeare—if there is one—they at least give us several up-to-date Shakespeares."

Mr. Eliot's omission of any reference to more scholarly and less impressionistic works published that year is not to be laid to his ignorance of scholarship and its productions. No one has a greater deference for the amazing sweep of Mr. Eliot's discerning eye, and therefore I am certain that his silence on conceptions of Shakspeare other than those he mentioned was merely another instance of his superb reserve as a classicist in letters. Doubtless, his irony was inspired by the uncommunicated knowledge I am about to dispense bluntly. For in 1927, three elaborate, documented studies of Shakspeare appeared which still threaten to curtail the speculative fecundity of those who indulge in recrudescences of Shakspeare. By implication and by direct challenge, they arouse scepticism towards much of the cumulations of ingenious suppositions which, industriously recorded in Mr. Ralli's volumes, now become merely relics in a cabinet of curious crotchets.

Mr. E. E. Stoll's *Shakespeare Studies** can hardly be said to have ~~been~~ made the impression on the general reading public to the extent it merited, but there can be no question that Mr. Stoll's now famous book has been seized by the discerning as a bane or

*SHAKESPEARE STUDIES: HISTORICAL AND COMPARATIVE IN METHOD. By E. E. Stoll. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927.

a balm. It is a landmark in the historical interpretation and criticism of Shakspeare, though it consisted of a series of unrelated studies, most of which had been published earlier in scholarly journals. "The series of studies by Stoll, later collected into a volume [*Shakespeare Studies*]", wrote Mr. William Witherle Lawrence in *Shakespeare's Problem Comedies* (p. 28), "constitute the most important manifesto of the historical method, and of its significance for the understanding of the portrayal of character in the more important plays." Mr. Lawrence also noted the chief criticism of Mr. Stoll's views:

The application of the more rigorous modern method varies, of course, from critic to critic, according to his training and habits of mind . . . Any procedure which tries to hold in just equilibrium external influences upon the dramatist, and the mysterious ways of genius, is bound to err in details. Being human, the critic cannot always hold the balance true. So Legouis thinks that Stoll does not make sufficient allowance for Shakespeare's imaginative freedom . . . Feuillat has noted that Stoll 'is not completely free from the tendencies which he attacks'. One thing is obvious, at any rate; that when historical investigation has cleared the ground, aesthetic criticism must have the field in the final analysis. No matter how accurately we understand the influences which conditioned Shakespeare's work, these must always be second to that synthetic appreciation which aims to follow the higher ranges of his genius, and to interpret them aright. (*Shakespeare's Problem Comedies*, pp. 29-30).

The second important 1927 contribution to Shakspearean scholarship attracted even less attention but, like Mr. Stoll's *Shakspearean Studies*, compelled a re-thinking of many persisting Shakspearean problems and posited some radically new ones of its own: Thomas Whitfield Baldwin's *The Organization and Personnel of the Shakspearean Company*¹⁰. In concept and approach assuming Mr. Stoll's earlier contentions as proved, it conspicuously lacked the latter's litigious tone; and, because probably it was less comparative, was perhaps more daringly historical in relating Shakspeare's plots and characters to Elizabethan acting conditions derived by close induction from scattered historical sources of Shakspeare's dramatic company. Mr. Baldwin's really illuminating con-

¹⁰THE ORGANIZATION AND PERSONNEL OF THE SHAKSPEAREAN COMPANY. By Thomas Whitfield Baldwin. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1927. Pp. 464.

clusions deserve to be quoted here, for they outline a new and promising view for the reconstruction of Shakspearean aesthetics based on a verifiable historical method while, at the same time, incorporating Mr. Stoll's chief concept. They supply the historical basis for Mr. Stoll's contribution better, I think, than the latter's so-called "historical method" which really resolves into an "analogical method". Mr. Baldwin's conclusions, stated serially, are:

1. In the transmission of Shakspeare's dream of beauty and wisdom to the public, his company was as much a conditioning medium as the language in which the dream was embodied. p. 300

2. The dramatist had to fit his idea to the actors who were to perform the play . . . His story must contain, or be capable of having inserted, a major part for each major actor in the company; and this part must be in the "line" of that major actor. p. 304

3. We have good evidence that the company was also accustomed to give the dramatist the benefit of their advice in the plotting or the play . . . It is clear that this system at its worst might completely throttle both the dramatist and his art by ignorant dictation, though this dictation would eventually reap the reward of its own folly by loss of patronage. But where the dramatist and the company worked in harmony together, as did Shakspeare and his company, dictation would be displaced by suggestion and consultation. Thus Shakspeare's plays represent not only his own individual invention but also the collective invention of his company. Just as he took the best he could find in story and used it regardless of its previous condition of servitude, so he doubtless made use of the best suggestions available in reshaping it, even though those suggestions emanated from Bottom the clown. pp. 303-304

4. When his story was finally selected and approved, the dramatist would then proceed to fit each character to the individual actor who was to bear the part. This fitting extended to personal details, such as the specific age and color of hair and eyes. p. 305

5. But the dramatist's task was not merely to fit the part to the actor in external characters. He must so shape the part as to bring out the capabilities of that particular person. Not only must he catch the characteristic tricks and gestures of that actor, he must also catch the inner spirit of the man . . . The actor did not strive to be a fictitious person; he strove rather to be himself under fictitious circumstances.

Neither he, his audience, nor his age was interested in psychological presentation, but in represented action. The story was the thing. pp. 305-306.

The least appreciated of this 1927 trio of Shakspearean studies was Miss Ruth L. Anderson's *Elizabethan Psychology and Shakspeare's Plays*²¹. It tended more reasonably and verifiably than Mr. Stoll's diatribes against current proclivities toward interpreting Shakspeare in the light of modern psychology to reveal Shakspeare's commitments to the Elizabethan psychology of "humours".

In 1929, Mr. Alwin Thaler's *Shakspeare's Silences*²² was published proposing in its initial and titular essay the solution of several Shakspearean problems by the device of the "argument from silence", a venerable but questionable instrument borrowed from higher critics of Scripture but never quite competently handled by Shakspearean critics. Mr. Thaler appeared to have joined issue with some historical critics who, in their zeal to establish the simple fact that Shakspeare dramatized familiar stories, have tended to lean too heavily on the *a priori* concept that his genius was restricted by the determinism of literary conventions or by Elizabethan stage conditions. Mr. Thaler's chief contention was that Shakspeare could exercise "independent judgment even in the treatment of familiar stories,—capable, at least on occasion, of flying in the face of happy enders and of theatrical convention." Mr. Thaler's use of the argument from silence was an effective retort to scholars who, prompted by praiseworthy scientific intentions, would too emphatically restrict the interpretation and perhaps appreciation of Shakspeare to themselves: as a more positive contribution, he kept open the way to the enjoyment of Shakspeare in the established romantic and cherished manner by a free recognition of Shakspeare's self-imposed creative restrictions. Though he signally failed to distinguish between the adequacy of the argument from silence in treating works of art like Shakspeare's plays on the one hand, and documents of life or propaganda like confessions, historical works, or the Bible on the other, Mr. Thaler's essay was a sensible corrective of Shakspearean panegyrics which see too much in Shakspearean plays or characters and of

²¹ELIZABETHAN PSYCHOLOGY AND SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. By Ruth L. Anderson. Iowa City, Iowa, 1927. See Lily B. Campbell's *Shakespeare's Heroes, Slaves of Passion* along this line.

²²SHAKESPEARE'S SILENCES. By Alwin Thaler. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Pp. 279. 1929.

Shaksperean historical and rationalistic sceptics who, through their learning and erudition, perhaps see too many and close resemblances between Shakspere's plays and conventional literary devices or analogues, to the exclusion of his extraordinary freedom in altering, substituting, or suppressing elements of the fiction and theatre traditions.

Reopening that series of difficult plays which Dowden ascribed to Shakspere's period "on the heights", William Witherle Lawrence's highly important *Shakespeare's Problem Comedies* [Macmillan, 1931], continued on another plane the work of Miss Anderson's *Elizabethan Psychology and Shakspere's Plays* and Mr. Stoll's various monographs and *Shakespeare Studies*. Professor Lawrence, working from the established area of "source studies", moved deliberately into new fields, more comprehensive. His general concept was, "that perplexing questions connected with Shakespeare's art may be solved by a consideration of his inheritance from earlier times . . . His plays are, of course, not complete re-creations of older themes in the spirit of his own age, but a combination of Elizabethan conceptions and mediaeval survivals. No Chinese Wall separated him from the Middle Ages; the Renaissance . . . means not a new birth after death, but a new spirit in a living developing body." Professor Lawrence ably and convincingly supplemented and developed the epoch-making achievement in the understanding of Shakspere's later comedies of Ashley H. Thorndike's *The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakespeare* [1901] and of F. H. Ristine's *English Tragicomedy*, [1910]. His purpose, like that of Professor Stoll, was to "urge . . . a more careful evaluation of the elements by which [Shakspere's] genius was to some extent controlled, as a corrective in that more difficult and subtle criticism which aims to follow him into the higher reaches of his imagination." Yet for all of his methodical delineation of Shakspere's conformity to medieval literary traditions in the dramatization of the later comedies, Mr. Lawrence wisely avoided what often appear to be Mr. Stoll's implications: that Shakspere was unconsciously circumscribed by the necessities of his time and country and by the inevitable determinism of his inherited literary or theatrical conventions. Strong admirer and co-worker of Mr. Stoll as he is, Professor Lawrence clearly revealed a more cogent mode of expression and a more sensitive, delicate, and alert dialectic:

It appears, then, that Shakespeare was deeply influenced by tradition, in the management of plot and characterization, and that no judgment of the subtler issues of his completed work is sound which refuses to take account of this. But its significance must not be misconceived or exaggerated. It ought to be superfluous to say that his imagination was confined within no rigid bounds, and that his artistic creativeness cannot be treated in any mechanical fashion. By the time he wrote the problem comedies he had long since emancipated himself from a slavish following of his sources; he took his own where he found it, but he treated it where he saw fit. He set his own personal and indelible seal upon it, altering it to suit his purposes, and lifting it into a sphere far removed from the earlier play or poem or tale. The universality of his genius, which seems at times to transcend time and place, the modernity of his thought, carry us triumphantly, on a mighty surge, past many incongruities which appear disturbing upon more careful study. The rational way to account for these incongruities is not only to attempt to explain them logically, but to ask if they may not in part be due to Shakespeare's acceptance of traditions which are inconsistent with the logic of life as we understand it to-day—tradition the potency of which even he was powerless to escape. [*Shakespeare's Problem Comedies*, p. 24].

III.

Perilous as it is to say, *Art and Artifice* seems to me on the whole to be a thing of shreds and patches; full of erudition, as usual, striking in some isolated aperçus, considerably vigorous but lacking the vituperative successes which so impressed Mr. Pear-sall Smith in *Shakespeare Studies*, it is not entirely deficient in forensics, especially in some superbly scathing footnotes. The book, simply put, lacks cohesiveness, cumulative development, and—except for an external appearance—structural unity. It revolves about two pivotal ideas, the mutual or dependent relationships of which are not indicated: that Shakespeare's effectiveness lay in his sense of dramatic situation; and that Shakspeare's plays are distinguished in dramatic art by their individual rhythms. I confess that either I don't understand Mr. Stoll or that, if I do, my mind may be playing one of its usual tricks: but after some pious pondering, I find myself compelled to point out what seems to me to be an obvious contradiction between his thesis and his argument; or if not that, an elaborated sophistry

in his discussion of his leading idea: that "the idea of tragedy (and of comedy, too, for that matter) is situation; and a situation is a character in contrast, and perhaps also in conflict, with other characters or with circumstances." I subscribe to the definition without demurrer but, since the bulk of the little book consists chiefly in the discussion of the titular characters in *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Lear*, he seems to establish something else: that those titular characters are superior in their fate to their specific actions as disclosed in the separate plays. And even then he spends his effort more in noticing what other critics have said, or in cataloguing by his "comparative method" similar situations in ancient and modern literatures, dramatic and other, than in specific and apt discussion of the Shakspearean situations themselves. He asserts, rather than proves, what may ultimately prove to be unprovable, that the Shakspearean character is superior to his fate. The moment he attempted to prove this interesting thesis he would be, willy nilly, forced to employ psychology, even that vague variety to which he does actually refer—"life as we know it." But instead of sticking to the situation, he seems to nullify his initial conception, by proceeding to move on a different plane, a more inclusive plane, by occasional forays demonstrating that the plot, as well as situation, is more important than the characters in Shakspeare's plays. Here, he seems to be moving in Mr. William Witherle Lawrence's direction by accepting the concept that "the play's the thing", rather than the situation, which provides the dramatic suspense. One breathes a sigh of relief. If only Mr. Stoll could have re-thought all of his heterogeneous material in the light of one organizing concept, like the following!

Shakespeare is the least correct and punctilious of great dramatists. And unity is lacking, if we are thinking of the formal. Shakespeare's is not so much of form and structure, logic and order, as of the embracing and pervading, animating and . . . compelling spirit. It depends on inclusion rather than exclusion. His motto is not the Hellenic 'Nothing too much', but rather the Gothic 'Nothing too little'. His vices, like his virtues, are those of exuberance . . . His very characters . . . often rise up out of the situation and overshadow it, are not, as in most great drama, part and parcel of it . . . And that upon the imaginative, the emotional, though not the strictly logical, consistency and coherence of the whole, Shakespeare, for all his rapidity and apparent recklessness,

was intent, is apparent not only from his various measures to establish and preserve the illusion, such as the manoeuvring, and hedging, and musical manipulation . . . but also from artistic expedients—the atmosphere created by means of a characteristic language and imagery, and the ebb and flow in the intensity of the action, and in the metrical movement from speech to speech and scene to scene.¹³

But, instead of accepting this excellent theory of Shakspearean drama as something to be expounded in a more or less systematic manner, cumulatively and cogently developed, he interrupts and distracts the reader by his refusal to perceive that the time has now passed for belligerency; that the time has now come when, with the praise of competent scholars like Mr. Ralli, Mr. Lawrence, and of graceful essayists like Mr. Pearsall Smith, he is crowned intellectual King in the chamber of Shakspearean critical scholarship and can afford to speak on Shakspeare without apologetics or canonical support, not in any pontifical manner to be sure or like an irrefutable oracle, but in the dulcet tones of one whose primacy is freely conceded and who has something valuable to say. He could leave to his younger disciples, like Mr. Babcock¹⁴ the thwacking of Shakspearean idolaters: he could leave to still younger ones the sort of thing indicated by the following blustering anathema, characteristic of a *parvenu*:

The trouble is, that the critics [of Shakespeare] have been taking fiction for fact: that they will have no disbelief on the part of the spectator at the outset, but only belief, or, if belief suspended, then 'not for the moment' but for all time; that they turn the impossibilities into possibilities and the poetry into prose; that their ears are caught by the weaker accents, not the stronger. They have been laboriously quibbling and hair splitting to keep even with him who lightly manoeuvred and manipulated. They have been twisting and stretching their psychology to justify him, as he frankly, but authoritatively, adopted an initial postulate for a great dramatic effect.¹⁵

Perhaps Mr. Stoll's historical and comparative method is responsible for the confused, obscure, and distracting effects of his pages: he vacillates between his immense erudition and his com-

¹³ART AND ARTIFICE. Pp. 50-51.

¹⁴As Mr. Babcock is already doing with valiant strokes.

¹⁵ART AND ARTIFICE, p. 19.

mon sense, but it is the latter which illuminates and persuades far more than do his fleeting, cataloguing references of the former. Frequently he verges on the merely pedantic when he suggests, in contradiction to his main object, that the appreciation and understanding of Shakspeare is a matter of competency in the knowledge of the history of rhetoric: at such times he relies, perhaps too greatly for his evidences and arguments, upon his prodigious knowledge of the literatures of Greece, Rome, medieval Europe, and of modern Germany, France, Italy, England, America—to say nothing of the Scandinavian countries. (One misses references to Russian, Chinese, Japanese, and the Hindustani literatures!) Here, the ordinary and banal criticism of academics by free-lance critics might reasonably be applied: Mr. Stoll is addicted to needlessly excessive and not always relevant documentation: he achieves in his reader a state of abject awe, rather than a state of being persuaded or of being strenuously assured of convictions he secretly harbored long before he ever heard of Mr. Stoll. Unfortunately, Mr. Stoll apparently has not learned, in his dialectics, when he has produced conviction; by over-doing his work he arouses impatience, irritation, and an irrational, stubborn resistance in an otherwise docile reader. In *Art and Artifice* he devotes an entire chapter to proving what he has already quite ably and satisfactorily proved: Chapter III is given to "Parallels, Ancient, Medieval, and Modern; in the Drama, the Epic, and the Novel."

IV.

Yet, scholarly and erudite as he is, Mr. Stoll is a severe critic of Shakspearean scholars, especially if they lean to psychology, or to discovering social elements in the plays which throw light on the times or to relating the plays to the man Shakspeare. There is, as everyone knows but is likely to forget, a difference between scholarship, criticism, interpretation, and appreciation. Doubtless, Shakspeare is secure without benefit of scholarship but no one who has called in the doctors can plausibly deny that scholarship, even the most abstruse, produces a saner and, on the whole, more stable conception of Shakspeare: one would need Mr. T. S. Eliot's Olympian certainty to say as he once did: "About any one so great as Shakespeare, it is probable that we can never be right; and if we can never be right, it is better that we should from time

to time change our way of being wrong. Whether Truth ultimately prevails is doubtful and has never been proved; but it is certain that nothing is more effective in driving out error than a new error." Criticism, as I have before remarked, would be none the worse—even mitred criticism which doubts that Truth ultimately prevails or believes that nothing is more effective in driving out error than new error—if it paused humbly in the presence of scholarship. Mr. Stoll, it is true, has none of Mr. Eliot's fastidious airs or elegant agnosticisms or graceful, languorous resignations, but I wonder if he is less cavalier in some of his dismissals of rival scholars: as, for instance, when he says:

Scholarship, unheeding—for it is often more arbitrary and irrelevant than impressionism, which at least begins with the aesthetic experience—nowadays proceeds with tradition (or influence) *this*, tradition *that*, as did the older school with *Recension A*, *Recension B*, whether the line of cleavage (which is the important thing) is, with the naked eye, perceptible or not.³⁹

Which seems curious, coming from Mr. Stoll who, by means of his historical and comparative method, seems at times in *Art and Artifice*, and more often in *Shakespeare Studies*, to be laboring desperately to locate Shakspeare's plays within the frame of earlier conventions, traditions, or influencing analogies. Surely, Mr. Stoll need not lament the elephantine cumbersomeness of scholarly investigation of Shakspeare when he considers how that effort, (perhaps because rather than in spite of its deliberative and ponderous apparatus) corrects the aerial flights of skirmishers or of Prosperos which, however inspiring or poetic or bold, always threaten to become a substitute for what they are supposed to be illuminating.

Surely, too, Mr. Stoll would concede that scholarship becomes less irrelevant if it keeps within its ken the shifting of emphases caused by intelligently critical research? While much of Mr. Stoll's arraignment of the modern tendency of scholarly commentators to analyze Shakspeare's characters as if they were real persons subjectable to psychological analyses is well argued and supported, he leaves the implication unchecked that scholarship must rigorously decline the aid of any psychology whatever. It

³⁹Ibid, p. 147.

is unfortunate that he neglects the light provided by Miss Anderson's valuable contribution to the knowledge of Elizabethan psychology of humours and her clear demonstration from the plays themselves of Shakspeare's acknowledgments of it. It is not enough, not sufficiently satisfying, for Mr. Stoll to evolve—by a process of ingenious rationalizing?—his distinction between psychology and character-drawing:

Psychology and character-drawing . . . are not one and the same . . . The psychology is the frame-work, so to speak; the character is the life and soul. The psychology is the anatomy . . .¹⁷

Raising objections to the conclusions of a scholar-critic who is widely acclaimed as a prince in his field—as well as for a gift of vituperation and irascible retorts—is a risky business, especially when the objector is deeply aware of his own indebtedness to him. Mr. Stoll's antipathy to the psychologizing of Shakspearean characters, exhibited specifically in *Art and Artifice* by extended reference to Othello, appears less convincing now than at the beginning of this century. His argument depends upon the argument from silence: because Shakspeare at the beginning of the play portrays Othello as magnanimous, making no mention of his jealousy; therefore Othello is not constitutionally of a jealous nature. As if jealousy, or susceptibility to it, may not co-exist (even though dormant) in a nature dominantly magnanimous! Does Mr. Stoll anywhere lay his finger on the obvious point that Othello's tragedy lay in the "fatal flaw" of his very magnanimity—in his susceptibility to what anyone has to say to him, in his liberal credulity which is the weakness of magnanimity? Mr. Stoll, consequently over-emphasises Shakspeare's silence on Othello's liability to jealousy without giving due heed to the fatal possibilities of the latter's distinguishing characteristic. Why Mr. Stoll's simplification of the problem of Othello should be, is not here in *Art and Artifice* argued, since that was done in his famous monograph on *Othello*, but we are now asked to accept it, either by heeding "the text" of Shakspeare, or by hearkening to "critical authority" (p. 11). But one may heed the text and arrive at a conclusion different from that of "critical authority". Are we to

¹⁷Tbid, p. 53.

understand Mr. Stoll to say that we must heed the text in the light of critical authority—meaning *his* critical authority? Ah, that would never, never do—it would not do for either the elegant amateur or for the disciplined scholar. If only Mr. Stoll could demonstrate the validity of his assertions concerning Othello, which rests on the argument from silence! In short, Mr. Stoll's procedure here smacks dangerously of that "literalism" which he so rightly scorns.

Another of Mr. Stoll's defects, shared by other eminent scholars and critics of his generation, is his tendency to regard the plays of Shakspeare as separate and unrelated entities: unrelated in plot similarities, poetic passages, recurrences of idea, or analogous characters. As the last of the rhetoricians, he seems to be indifferent to the scholarly investigations of Thorndike, Ristine, Parrott, and Baldwin; especially of Thomas Whitfield Baldwin. Baldwin's *Organization and Personnel of the Shakespearean Company* seems to me to "date" much of Mr. Stoll's belligerent interpretation and criticism. In that valuable contribution, Mr. Baldwin proceeded on the fruitful principle of discovering what relationship, if any, exists between the characters of the plays and the personnel, changing as it did over a quarter of a century, of the acting company which first performed them. Conscientiously documented and cautiously presented, Mr. Baldwin's treatise leaves much of Mr. Stoll's discussion hanging perilously in midair without visible support except his analogues and dialectics. If, in place of Mr. Stoll's impressive introductory array of "Critical Dogmata", he had prefaced his work with some of the conclusions of Mr. Baldwin's book, the result would have seemed less antiquated; and if he had worked within that frame of reference, his work would secure an unqualified assent and conviction in the reader which *Art and Artifice* very clearly fails to achieve. Not only this, but with the aid of Mr. Baldwin's researches and inductions, Mr. Stoll might have joined with the younger scholar in correcting the Dowden-Frank Harris fallacy of relating the four groups of Shakspeare's plays to the hypothetical four periods of Shakspeare's vicissitudes and their corresponding temperamental philosophies while, at the same time, he might have carried forward and supplemented the early spade work of Ashley H. Thorndike in showing that the plots, treatments, and prevailing effects of Shakspeare's plays are understandable in the light of

competition between Elizabethan theatres and their playwrights. These suggestions make obvious the futility of forensics to-day in the terms originally proposed twenty-five or more years ago and now recapitulated in *Art and Artifice*. Mr. Baldwin and Miss Anderson together provide a more adequate algebra for the reconstruction of Shakspearean aesthetics.

Beside these highly debatable matters, there are other questions which arise in the mind of the awed reader of Mr. Stoll: questions which should not be silenced by awareness of one's comparatively less cyclopedic vista of ancient, medieval, and modern literatures, and by a lesser fluency in literary and dramatic history. Can Mr. Stoll be seriously asserting in his more erudite moments that either Shakspeare or Shakspeare's audience was so sensitively possessed of a knowledge of fictive devices and conventions in drama, epic, and novel that he deliberately—or necessarily—conformed to them? But, judging from the effect, is not Mr. Stoll's "comparative and historical method" (so paternally precious to him) somewhat inconclusive, if not misleading, because it evades the comparison of Shakspeare's plays with those of his playwright contemporaries? Mr. Pearsall Smith's questions are also pertinent: "How do you account for the difference between Shakespeare and other Elizabethans?"²⁸ "If, then, unlike all the other dramatic writers of the world, Shakespeare could make his old ghosts [the characters of his plays] sing, and each sing in a voice that is his own alone, what can matter to us the irrelevant, theatrical, unmotivated, melodramatic things which they are compelled by the plots in which they are to appear to do?"²⁹

V.

But even in the face of questions such as these, one must not too hastily venture to put the votive garland on the Minotaur of Minnesota. He has not yet met his Theseus. How gratifying it must be to have Mr. Pearsall Smith in his elegant "genteel prose" remind him of Mr. Augustus Ralli's handsome tribute, "And yet, as the erudite historian of Shakespeare criticism admits with the sigh of one who prefers the old romantic method—Professor Stoll, whom he describes as among the first of contemporary critics, is,

²⁸ON READING SHAKESPEARE, p. 157.

²⁹Ibid, p. 159.

with his business-like methods, 'pointing the highway to the best criticism of the future.'" And ferocious or vituperative as the Minotaur may have been, a luminous glow displaces, as his book closes, the earlier devastating flame. Here Mr. Stoll joins Mr. Pearsall Smith in duet: he reaches the pure tone of adoration worthy of any idolater of Shakspeare:

By poetry, an imaginative conquest, [Shakespeare] works the wonder—by rhythm and recurrence, acceleration and retardation, swelling and subsidence, and this in the structure, the rhetoric, or the metre; also . . . by the seizing and ordering of such thoughts and sentiments, such words and images, as belong together, though never together in this world before; and (above all) in the characters, by both the one process and the other—and who knows by what other besides?—as a vitalizing, differentiating power.²⁰

²⁰ART AND ARTIFICE, p. 169.

by Edd Winfield Parks

EQUESTRIAN

From God to man he veers and turns
Agreeing with outmoded mode
Till new idea new voice proclaims;
He alternately chills and burns,
He sets his course, with random aims:
Riding two horses down the road.

by John Brown Mason

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FACES HITLERISM

ADOLF HITLER, Dr. Joseph Goebbels and the other Nazi leaders who are Roman Catholics by virtue of baptism have found their own Church a formidable obstacle to the realization of the Nazi desire for absolute power. Their ideal of the all-pervading, all-dominating "totalitarian" state has clashed with the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to supremacy in certain fields. The recent Concordant [1933] between the Holy See and the German *Reich* was intended to prevent further dangerous friction—easily spreading to other fields—in this border zone of division of authority between Church and State. It was concluded after a three-year struggle on the part of the Catholic Church in Germany against the dangers to its teaching and effective activity, as it saw them in the rising tide of National Socialism.

I.

Back in 1930 when the Hitler movement was still small and apparently insignificant, German Catholic ecclesiastics recognized its inherent threat to certain beliefs and principles of their Church. In the course of the following two years, the German cardinals, archbishops, and bishops unanimously condemned a part of the National Socialist party program because it contained "both in its written and unwritten program tenets which contradicted Catholic teaching". From a previous article by the present writer in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, April, 1933, entitled "The Catholic Church and Hitlerism", the arguments of the German hierarchy against National Socialism, as made public in their various episcopal letters, may be summed up as follows: "The National Socialist movement is not only a political party, but also a *Weltanschauung*. It contains in its cultural-political program heresies, as

it rejects or misinterprets essential doctrines of the Catholic faith, and because, according to declarations of its leaders, it intends to substitute a new *Weltanschauung* for the Christian faith. Leading representatives of National Socialism put race above religion. They reject the revelations of the Old Testament, even the Mosaic Ten Commandments, because they are 'Jewish'. They deny the primacy of the Pope on the ground that he is a non-German authority. According to paragraph 24 of the party program the eternally valid Christian moral law is to be tested by the 'moral feeling' of the Germanic race. The ideas of the right to revolution, if successful, and of might before right, are opposed to the Christian doctrine of society. From the pronouncements of the party or its leaders it follows: what National Socialism calls Christianity is not the Christianity of Christ. National Socialist leaders further play with the idea of a German National Church without dogmas. The Church, however, is one; it is 'international, universal, and Catholic', and not bound by national frontiers. Its teaching is determined by its own authority, under divine guidance, and not by state laws or the 'feeling of a race'. National Socialism exaggerates nationalism and exalts one race above others. Fanatical nationalism is a source of mutual contempt and hatred among the nations; it destroys the 'supernatural tie which is to unite all as children of the same Church, as brethren in Christ. . . ' as 'guardians of the teachings of the Church in regard to faith and morals, the bishops must warn against National Socialism as long and in so far as it pronounces cultural-political beliefs which are incompatible with Catholic teaching'. Catholics, 'cannot, therefore, be permitted to accept such beliefs as true and to profess them in word and deed'".

Consequently, the Bishops, both singly and jointly, warned German Catholics against joining or supporting the Hitler party: To their warnings they added various steps of a church disciplinary nature. In several dioceses, Catholics were expressly forbidden to become registered members of the National Socialist party; disobedient Catholics were refused admission to the sacraments; groups in Nazi uniform and with Nazi banners were not admitted to church services. Nazi leaders who died without repentance were denied Catholic funerals. Bavarian priests were "strictly forbidden" to take any part in the National Socialist movement, and a Benedictine abbot was disciplined by his eccles-

iaistical superiors for his disobedience. Before the *Reichstag* election of July 31, 1932, the Prussian Bishops made public a joint declaration which was directed against the National Socialists though it was couched in general, fundamental terms. In it they admonished Catholic voters to cast their ballots "for the protection of the church schools, the Christian religion, and the Catholic Church. Beware of agitators and parties which are not worthy of the confidence of the Catholic people! Get your information from proven Catholic newspapers!" Catholic newspapers, of course, had long been in the thick of the fight against National Socialism.

The strong and determined opposition of the Catholic Church to certain *moral* aspects of the National Socialist program had very definite political effects. The Center party, often called the Catholic party, made consistent political use of the "incompatibility" of Catholicism and National Socialism and warned of the dangers threatening the Catholic Church in Germany should the Hitlerites get into power. Its appeals on these grounds, together with the personality of its leader Dr. Bruening, were very effective. At times when other parties broke to pieces or even disappeared entirely under the terrific impact of Hitler's vote-getting power, the Center and its regional offspring, the Bavarian People's party, preserved their strength, or even increased it, sometimes to a considerable extent. Their continued and increased strong attraction to Catholic voters was quite as remarkable as Hitler's ability to lure voters from other parties.

Such was the situation until the spring of 1933. The March 5 election of that year brought to the Nazis and their Nationalist allies a small majority in the *Reichstag*. Hitler was soon able to persuade most other parties to join his forces in passing the Enabling Act of March 23 which conferred upon him practically complete control in governmental affairs. In a few months' time the Center and Bavarian People's parties dissolved themselves "voluntarily". After influencing German history deeply for more than sixty years, Catholic political representation in Germany ceased to exist. The March election and consequent events therefore brought the problem of the Catholic Church and Hitlerism to a climax. The Church had to find other ways and means of defending what it considered its fundamental rights in the state. Its

aims, naturally, remained the same. But as it now had to deal with the government, rather than with one of a number of political parties, its tactics became different in some respects.

Under the conditions prevailing at the time, the Catholic Church was severely handicapped in its work and the exercise of its influence while the Hitler government yielded powerful weapons. Catholic newspapers were freely *verboten*, some repeatedly. Among them were leading publications. Others were "occupied" by Nazi storm troopers who prevented their publication temporarily. All other Catholic papers have since become remarkable both for what they do not print and for what they publish under compulsion, e.g. polemic articles against editorials in the papal organ *Osservatore Romano* on developments in Germany. Many meetings of Catholic associations, including diocesan and even national conventions, were prohibited or broken up. Physical force, including the use of clubs, was in instances applied against their members. A good many Catholic organizations, including several very large ones, were dissolved by government decree and their property seized, on the ground that they had endeavored to prevent the *Gleichschaltung*, or "coördination", of Catholics into the national Germany. Numerous Catholic lay leaders and at least twenty-three priests were arrested and put in jail or concentration camps. They had sinned against the new order by speaking their minds freely. Some reasons given for the arrests of priests were: opposition to the National Socialist party and the government, including warning to Catholics against membership in the *Hitler Youth*; work against the *Einheitsschule* [a non-creedal school]; participation in a meeting of priests of which the government had not been notified; and insulting remarks about a member of the government before school children. A number of priests were mistreated physically.

II.

In the face of such conditions, the actions of the Catholic Church assumed a special importance. Various steps were taken, at different times, both by the Catholic hierarchy in Germany and the Vatican in Rome.

For two years, Catholics had been forbidden by their Bishops to become members of the National Socialist party, on the ground

that the party program contained tenets of a heretical nature. After Hitler's rise to power, the prohibition was lifted on March 28, 1933. The Bishops explained that their previous condemnation of certain religious, moral errors of the National Socialist party was not voided by their action. They acknowledged, however, that public and solemn declarations had been given by Hitler—now both Chancellor of the *Reich* government and authoritative leader of the National Socialist movement—concerning the inviolability of the Catholic religious teaching, the tasks and rights of the Church, and the full validity of the concordats between the Vatican and various German *Länder*. The Bishops, therefore, declared their confident belief that their general prohibitions and warnings were no longer necessary. They expressed their great joy that the leaders of the new state had “declared expressly that they put themselves and their work on the foundation of Christianity. This is a public, solemn profession which merits the heart-felt gratitude of all Catholics”. The joy of the Bishops can easily be understood. Hitler's program, as laid before the *Reichstag* in his speech of March 24, 1933,—four days before the Bishops' declaration—contained a number of points which met the fundamental demands of the Catholic Church. The Bishops trusted that future developments would take place along these lines though (undoubtedly) they were aware of the fact that the official party program had not been changed, and that Hitler was by no means the most radical of the National Socialist leaders.

The Bishops' experiences after March 28, however, proved to be discouraging. Strong words and deeds on the part of National Socialist circles showed the Bishops that expressions of confidence in Hitler's declarations and trust in the future actions of his government and party were insufficient. Consequently, they met in deliberation in the Bishops' Conference at Fulda and on June 11 they issued their well-known joint pastoral letter, in which they made known their views and conclusions on the dangers confronting the Catholic Church (and other churches) in an unrestrained reign of National Socialism.

Their letter is a remarkable document. It defines and sets forth clearly and unmistakably the standpoint of all the German Bishops on the conditions created by the fact of Nazi dictatorship,

as they affect the Catholic Church. They not merely stated their attitude, they put forward wishes and even "demands",—a word which, coming from German lips, must have sounded startling in Hitler's ears. The joint and unanimous action of the German Bishops served to remind the Hitler government that it is not omnipotent in all fields of life, and that, after all, one-third of the German population is Catholic. Many of these 20,000,000 Catholic citizens are loyal to the Church, and willing to stand another *Kulturkampf*, if necessary.

German Catholics had been anxiously awaiting a pronouncement from their Bishops as many of them had been confused by the rush of events. The episcopal letter, read from all Catholic pulpits and published in the 200 to 300 Catholic daily newspapers, provided, therefore, on the one hand, guidance to the Catholic people, and on the other, public and solemn expression of the wishes and demands of the Catholic hierarchy for the future attitude and action on the part of the state. In view of the important implications of the revolutionary changes and the fermentation of the times, the Bishops declared their stand on fundamental questions: Nationalism; Authority and Freedom; National Unity (involving the race question); Loyalty to the Church; Freedom of the Church; Catholic Schools and Teachers' Training; and the Catholic Press.

The Bishops spoke out strongly against the intense nationalism and feeling of race superiority of the Nazis, because of its un-Christian and un-Catholic character, and, in contrast, in favor of the Christian duty of love of one's country and people. God's kingdom on earth, they pointed out, is intended for the salvation of *all* mankind, without difference of race or nationality. The Nazi policy of "coördination", i.e. control and direction of all activities of life, drew their forceful objection when resulting in the compulsory subordination or even dissolution of Catholic organizations. The government was warned that it should curtail freedom no more than the general welfare required, that every abuse of authority would lead to its own weakening and final destruction. National unity may be based upon likeness of convictions, and not only on homogeneity of blood (e. g. "Aryan", to the exclusion of Jewish blood). Insistence on the latter leads to injustices. The coöperation in the new state of mere political dis-

senters should be made possible. Many Catholics could become adherents to the new cause, even if only after a strong spiritual struggle, if the actions of the new government will not make this impossible. Sterilization laws, it was hinted, do not constitute an effective bid for Catholic support. Attempts to make the Catholic Church in Germany a national church, independent of Rome, were scornfully as well as forcefully rejected while expression of loyalty to the Holy Father was renewed. Freedom for the Church was demanded, in order that it might unfold its power, develop naturally, and penetrate the entire life of men, both public and private. Its activities could not be confined to the house of worship and the dispensing of the sacraments. Both Catholic schools and associations, e.g. for youth and professions, must continue to exist as they are essential for the continued religious training of Catholics. The Church, in addition, claimed the right to the possession of a Catholic press which, in turn, needs freedom to make its efficient activity possible.

III.

The German Bishops, after due and careful deliberation, declared unanimously their "wishes and demands" in regard to the rights of their Church and people. At the same time, they expressed their willingness to coöperate with the government of the new Germany. Their joint episcopal letter which put forward clearly their attitude was followed six weeks later by the conclusion of a Concordat between the Holy See and the government of the German *Reich*, as ratified in Vatican City on September 10, 1933. In it the *Reich* "guarantees the freedom of the profession and the public exercise of the Catholic religion" and "recognizes the right of the Catholic Church, within the limits of the general laws in force, to regulate and administer freely her own affairs" (Article 1). On the side of the Hitler government, the Concordat was the work, largely, of its non-Nazi Vice-Chancellor, Herr von Papen, a prominent Catholic layman and Papal Chamberlain. The Vatican, in turn, was advised by Prelate Kaas, the last chairman of the dissolved Center party. The conclusion of the Concordat was heralded widely at the time as a sign of peace and coöperation between the Catholic Church and the Hitler

state. Since then, however, discordant notes have seriously disturbed the apparent harmony. Both on the part of the Holy See and of German Catholics increasing dissatisfaction has been expressed over the failure of the Nazi government to live up to its part under the Concordat. The Pope has protested publicly on several occasions, and Catholics in Germany have shown sullen resentment. The German government has found it necessary to send a special representative to the Vatican in an attempt to clear up disputes with the ecclesiastical authorities over the application and interpretation of the terms of the Concordat. It is significant that the famous Catholic daily *Germania* (Berlin), owned by Vice-Chancellor von Papen, should speak out in a front page editorial on Sunday, November 19, 1933 (the day of the Martin Luther celebrations in Germany) against the "anti-religious new heathenism" on the part of a group among the Nazi *German Christians*. Referring to the recent attack of an eminent Nazi minister on the Old Testament, the paper declared: "This fight is not an internal Protestant matter . . . We Catholics cannot afford to sit coolly or gloatingly by".

The Catholic Church has made known to the Hitler government and party what it considers her minimum and inalienable rights. To a considerable extent her demands are identical with those of other Christian churches. The Nazi state, on the other hand, in its endeavor to be totalitarian must continuously seek to expand its power and influence—to pervade all phases of the lives of its citizens. Clashes between the Nazi state and one or the other of the Churches can be avoided only if Church or State compromise on fundamental aspects of their respective nature. The Nazi state is finding out that it has struck a solid obstacle in the "Rock of St. Peter" and its objections to certain Nazi aims and ideals. Recent developments show that the Catholic Church in Germany is fighting not only its own battle when it struggles tenaciously for its independence from state control. Its degree of success or failure is likely to have repercussions in the border zone of division of authority between Church and State which will not be confined to one Church or one country.

by Kathleen Sutton

WE THE INVADERS

We, the invaders,
Have turned our faces from the lakes,
And from the rush
Of wild, impetuous rivers.
The Penobscot and the Merrimac
Have forgotten the singing spindles and the looms;
They sigh in the cool New England dusk
As the monuments to their power
Echo the activity
Of spiders.

We the invaders have broken faith
With our heart's blood.
(Oh, my fathers, where are the mills,
Thy substance and thy dream?)
We have gone with lifted heads
Into a land of honeysuckle and mellow moons.
What have we to do
With the clinging tendrils of tradition?
How can we understand
Loyalty to the red earth,
To the mammy suckling her black babe?

The fields are over-ripe with cotton.
Cotton, the Beggar King!
But we are the disciples
Of opportunity
Why should a suave tongue and a hostile eye
Annoy us?

by Maurice Halperin

IDEALISM WITHOUT ILLUSION

LA FRANCE DANS LE MONDE. By Edouard Herriot. Paris, Hachette, 1933, 12 francs.

The fact that this book, of a serious nature and from the pen of a prominent figure in contemporary international affairs, was decidedly out of date only a few weeks after it was written, is indeed a curious commentary on the times in which we live. During the first two months of 1933 Monsieur Herriot bravely set out to 'describe, as objectively as he knew how, the political and economic status of the nations of the world. His purpose was not only to acquaint his fellow countrymen with conditions abroad but also, in the face of these conditions, to suggest a sane foreign policy for France. By the time the printed work reached the book stalls, the international scene had changed considerably: Germany had cast its lot with the Nazis, the United States had embarked on a course of planned economy with more, bigger and better battle-ships, and that white hope of old-time internationalism, the World Economic Conference, had died at birth, and with no one to bury it, filled the universe with a mighty stench. For practical purposes, then, M. Herriot's charming little book was ready for the rubbish heap before the printer's ink had dried.

It is, of course, not entirely the fault of M. Herriot that the facts and figures he gathered no longer have any meaning. In our day events move almost too rapidly to be recorded. At the same time, it is clear that M. Herriot's survey is intrinsically a superficial account of many complex situations and that his conclusions are neither profound nor original. If M. Herriot had been willing, he might have seen the handwriting on the wall. It has been plainly visible these last few years. But M. Herriot, it seems, purposely would not look in order that he might continue thinking in terms of a world order with which he was familiar but which had disappeared. Therein lies the real interest and significance of his ill-fated book: it throws light on the vital infirmity of one of the most prominent figures in contemporary international affairs.

M. Herriot is honest, sincere, and intelligent. He is, moreover, a man of great personal charm and an able literary historian. His party, the Radical-Socialist Party, is to-day the leading group in the Chamber of Deputies. However, it is neither radical nor socialist, as we understand these terms, but rather a liberal party, with strong anti-clerical tendencies, and devoted to the interests of the lower middle classes. M. Herriot is thus a Liberal, but also a Frenchman. That is, he fully admits certain hard facts in his analysis of the European situation, is eager to safeguard French interests at the cost of, let us say, German or Italian interests, yet clings to an antiquated internationalism and consequently utters very hollow-sounding phrases.

He still believes, for example, that by maintaining the sanctity of contracts, by adjusting tariffs "equitably" and encouraging commerce between the nations, by diminishing armaments, by building up the League of Nations and promoting international understanding, in other words by just being "nice and friendly", we shall once more find ourselves on the road to peace and prosperity. True enough! but it never occurs to him that all those perfectly respectable nostrums belong to a century that has passed, and that under present conditions there is no more likelihood of making them effective than there is of returning to the golden age of Queen Victoria. Whether we like it or not, for better or for worse, the sort of internationalism that flourished before the war is gone for good. The development of our industrial capitalism has reached the point where it can no longer function, either nationally or internationally, with *laissez-faire* methods of economic intercourse. Hence, the crisis, growing more acute, on the one hand caused business paralysis, unemployment and starvation within the nations, and on the other hand increased the savage competition between rival imperialisms until international trade almost ceased altogether. From the unbearable tension of this situation, there seemed to be, roughly speaking, two channels of release: international communism or a world-wide order of self-contained nationalisms. When it became clear soon after the war that communism was fairly well confined to Russia, economic nationalism, or fascism, was already in view. With the definite collapse of German communism, scarcely any doubt now remains as to what the new international scheme will be. At no time since the war, however, was there any pos-

sibility of restoring the liberal nineteenth century internationalism that still haunts M. Herriot. This is what the well intentioned ex-Premier of France and all other Liberals of the old school prefer not to understand.

Regardless of what he believes, M. Herriot, unlike some of our more naïve American internationalists, still manages to keep his feet on the ground. He is a Frenchman, and is anxious to preserve French supremacy and security even at the cost of some of his cherished theories. As a practical matter, he is well aware of the immediate realities of international politics; but when he indulges in quite preposterous dreams, the effect on the clarity of his thought is lamentable. Thus, after his survey of international conditions, he comes to the conclusion that French policy should be devoted to "furthering idealism without yielding to illusion" (*servir l'idéal sans céder à l'illusion*). At this point, the plight of M. Herriot's liberalism becomes painfully obvious. Translate that fine-sounding phrase of his into concrete action and what does it amount to? Sheer rhetoric! Liberalism, as an international force, can no longer be anything but rhetoric.

by Arthur E. DuBois

FOSSILIZED SHAKESPEARE

THE TREATMENT OF SHAKESPEARE'S TEXT BY HIS EARLIER EDITORS, 1709-1768. By Ronald B. McKerrow. London: Milford, 1933. Pp. 36. \$0.65. (Annual Shakespeare Lecture of the British Academy, from *Proceedings*, XIX).

As usual, Mr. McKerrow is straight-forward, at his ease, and informative. But this annual lecture of the British Academy is less interesting for the information it conveys than for the incidental suggestions it seems to make. After all, perhaps it does not add to our knowledge of Shakespeare in the 18th century if we have been keeping up with the work of Mr. McKerrow himself and of innumerable others, a surprisingly large number of

whom have recently dealt specifically with the subject in one or another of its aspects. Rather, it summarizes such knowledge neatly and, I think, fairly insofar as it relates exclusively to editions of Shakespeare from Rowe to Capell. One sees growing an editorial conscience with the defining of editorial ideals and methods. By themselves, in the last analysis these developments have little to do with Shakespeare himself except to the extent that he was a main inspiration; at least, somewhat the same trends are visible in editions of Spenser. We have long known that editorial conscience did develop and what in general were the stages. Because the subject had never before been treated so tolerantly and compactly, perhaps we had never before been led so surely to the realization that, incorporating much of the best in preceding editions, adding more, cumulatively an edition of a particular work may come to be classic quite apart from the merits of the author or work edited.

But the implied incidental suggestions are still the most stimulating features of the lecture, probably because they concern Shakespeare and the general problem of what constitutes a classic like Shakespeare more than they concern editing him. At the beginning of his discussion, Mr. McKerrow takes pains to point out that though modern editors may well condescend toward ancient ones for their inconsistencies and other sins of commission and omission, nevertheless the early work served to bring Shakespeare to, and keep him before, a public outside the theatre at a time when he was ceasing to be "contemporary" and was becoming a "classic". Mr. McKerrow probably overemphasizes the importance of the work of editors in this direction—there were also critics and actors and imitators like Dryden, Dennis, Morgann, or Garrick, often better known, fulfilling the same function. But in providing a readable text and in adding stage directions so that readers might more easily *see* a play or in refining Shakespeare by excision or emendation, Rowe, Pope, and the others were suiting him to their own times and peculiar needs and prejudices, so that Shakespeare was no longer only an ancient Elizabethan but became a modern Augustan with that precious strange barbaric flavor which distinguishes the old from the new. And when finally an editor like Capell ceased to perform this function and devoted all or most of his time to satisfying merely the antiquarian with a sound text, his edition, in a sense the best, was the worst failure

because it was least used: it answered no crying need, or people would have bought it.

The paradox seems to develop that as the classic edition of a writer is best served, the classic writer himself fares worst. And there may be a great deal to this paradox of the library, for it is paralleled in the theatre. If one thinks of the innovations of Garrick, Kean, the Kembles, or Irving, for example, one is forced to admit that the most worshipfully exact productions of Elizabethan Shakespeare have not been the most profitable, and an empty theatre is of no service to any playwright, even a classic playwright like Shakespeare.

Perhaps a classic should be defined in terms of its capacity to adapt itself to change and, by cumulating different interpretations or meanings suitable to different ages, to grow. Shakespeare the classic is not Shakespeare the Elizabethan or the Victorian. Instead, he is Shakespeare the Elizabethan, the wit and cavalier, the Augustan, Georgian, Victorian, and Edwardian. Similarly, he is a man of the footlights *and* of the footnotes. He is all of these together, growing. At any rate, working on the 19th century theatre with the aid of Watson, Odell, Nicoll, and others, and with hundreds of adaptations, imitations, adorations, and burlesques of Shakespeare, one can be struck by the fact that critics, producers, actors, and dramatists in general took a similar attitude toward Shakespeare in a particular decade or so, that this attitude changed as tastes changed and the necessity developed of making Shakespeare, for example, Victorian rather than romantic, and finally that the outline of these changing attitudes closely paralleled the outline of changing habits in drama uninfluenced by Shakespeare. Of course, often this process involved taking irreverent liberties with the Elizabethan. Yet with Siddons, the Kembles, the Keans, Macready, Phelps, Irving, Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and others to contribute to his increasing complexity as a classic, the 19th century in studio or stage was probably Shakespeare's greatest living age.

At the present time, so far as Shakespeare is concerned, the theatre is dead? A mob of Capells seem to have him exclusively in hand, and they are powerful singly and collectively to prevent anyone else from being heard. They are a noisy crew. Certainly by implication, Mr. McKerrow raises the question whether or not Shakespeare is really served by these men, particularly when they

are inclined vociferously to resent thinking of Shakespeare as anything but Elizabethan and his text as anything but a 16th century manuscript to be restored whole. Perhaps these editors (Wilson, Spencer, Root, and others), and scholars like Stoll or Chambers who belong to a similar school of thinking, are what is wrong with Shakespeare now:¹ they prevent his becoming a realist, a contemporary on the stage or in the study. Though the modern Rowes are frequently far from thinking of Shakespeare simply as an Elizabethan, perhaps John Draper,² Arthur Quiller-Couch, or even Robertson serve Shakespeare better now than others more competent to speak of the Elizabethan or to establish his text.

How valuable is a sound text of Shakespeare if only antiquarians and their students, to whom it is *required* reading, use it? Nobody objects, of course, to what the Capells may do by themselves but only to their ability through command of the journals and by virtue of being in their way incontrovertibly right to prevent the Rowes from doing anything gloriously wrong. A classic edition has its place in the world, I suppose, though it has little or nothing to do with the classic's well-being. Even though one remembers that great editors of Shakespeare like Furness were contemporary in the 19th century with great actors, critics, and audiences; even though one is grateful to modern Capells for readings of difficult lines, restorations of lost passages or sequences, discriminations between authentic and apocryphal plays, songs, or lines, approximate determinations of the chronology of the plays, and great additions to our knowledge of the text and of the conditions out of which it grew; even though one is naturally curious in a romantic fashion to know what Shakespeare the Elizabethan was really like; or even though one admires the energy, the patience, the learning, and the good judgment of many modern bibliophiles—in spite of all these contingencies, perhaps the majority of contemporary scholars and editors of Shakespeare

¹Of course the real reason for his present decline is the want of a person in the theatre or outside it strong-minded enough to adapt Shakespeare to our needs and predispositions in spite of the religionists. But the suggestion above is part of this reason. I suppose the liveliest recent illustration of Shakespeare was the Fairbanks-Pickford *Shrew*, since it reached a large paying satisfied public.

²Draper's discussions of *Othello*, for example, make it a very pretty, symmetrical piece of irony. But like many others, he confuses matters by trying to explain Shakespeare to his own satisfaction in an Elizabethan idiom.

deserve for peculiar reasons to be treated as superciliously as they have often treated their less pedantic, more imaginative predecessors and colleagues. A classic is a living, changing, growing thing. To fossilize it is to kill it, to put it in a Museum with Elizabeth's corset or Washington's false teeth.

by C. F. Harrold

THE PROMISE OF CATHOLICISM

THE SPIRIT OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By Christopher Dawson. New York: Sheed and Ward. 1933. Pp. xv, 144.

THE SOCIAL IMPLICATIONS OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By William George Peck. New York: Scribners. Pp. x, 346.

That the Oxford Movement was not, as is too commonly supposed, a brief and abortive episode in Anglican orthodoxy, but the generating of a new and continuing spirit in lay and clerical thought, is the chief reason for the production of these two very trenchant and provocative books. The celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Tractarianism is now over. But the Movement as a subject for debate, and as the expression of a persistent element in the stream of Anglican and Anglo-Catholic development, is of enduring interest. The very titles of the works before us indicate at least two explanations for the fact that, one hundred years after the famous Assize sermon in St. Mary the Virgin at Oxford, the spirit of the Movement thereby begun, and the social implications thereby involved, may to-day be the basis for a searching study of our religious and secular assumptions.

In these chaotic years, when men turn desperately, in search of some rock of strength, to the dogmatic certainties of Karl Marx or to the dogmatic serenity of the Roman Catholic faith, it is

easy to discern wherein we are theologically naïve and provincial. "The educated man", says Mr. Dawson, "no longer understands the highly specialized theological tradition of the past." Liberated, as he fancies, by the new "authority" found in science, he has long since relegated theological terms to the limbo of medieval and deflated terminology. The subtleties and efficacies of theological terms have been thrown overboard, and along with them the subtleties and efficacies of a millenium of psychological wisdom. Misunderstood by the layman, to whom they were handed at the Reformation, they have so frequently misled or repelled him that he has at last scrapped them altogether. Having unburdened himself of both term and concept, he finds himself wandering among unintelligible and protean scientific concepts, and longs for the day when his heel may again be "morticed in granite".

It is natural, then, in these years, that the early nineteenth century quest for dogmatic certainty should find many readers in a receptive and curious mood. To the question, "What *was* the central idea of the Movement?" Mr. Dawson and Mr. Peck give the same reply, the former from a Roman Catholic standpoint, the latter from an Anglican point of view. For Mr. Dawson it was the "reassertion of the fundamental principles of Pauline and Augustinian theology—the transcendence of the supernatural order and the incommensurability of Nature and Grace". For Mr. Peck "the whole Tractarian protest against the power of a secular government over the Church, the whole effort to disentangle the very idea of the Church from the secular presuppositions in which it had become embedded, and to proclaim it as the apostolic body, implied a supernatural criterion for the valuation of life and conduct: a supernatural reference in politics and economics". It was at once "the last fruit of the old Anglican tradition that had its roots in the 17th century" and a return to that great European religious tradition, less dominant since the culmination of the Renaissance, according to which, as Newman said, "the main undertaking of a Christian Church" was not "to make men good members of society, honest, upright, industrious and well-conducted", but to "make men saints". It was a warning against the attempt, so exalted by Macaulay in his demolition of Gladstone's *Church and State*, to set up the ideal of the secularist civilization. Though

the Movement had its practical beginnings in a protest against the ecclesiastical legislation of the Reform Parliament, it was, in its central purposes, a re-affirmation of "a supernatural order realized in the spiritual life of the individual Christian and in the corporate reality of a Divine Society".

It is the consciousness of the deep and radical dangers of an exclusively secular philosophy of civilization which unites Mr. Dawson and Mr. Peck in a common indictment of the present absorption of the Church into the materialism of modern mass-civilization. What is briefly but incisively stated in the former's short essay is, however, expanded by Mr. Peck into a survey of the possibilities of arrogant "liberalism"—that "liberalism" so disturbingly outlined in one of Appendices of Newman's *Apologia*, and of the social reconstruction implied by the fundamentals of Tractarianism, the need of a renewed Sacramentalism, if we are to avert the collapse of Christian civilization. Were the Tractarians to return, they would be the last to be surprised by the portent of modern atheistic Russia, or by the death-shudders of modern Capitalism. "They knew where the world was going." They returned, says Mr. Peck, to that Christian Sacramentalism "of which the only conceivable consummation must be a divine Kingdom incorporating all the values which have emerged in man's contact with his material environment". Though they lived in 1833 and grew wrathful at the suppression of Irish Bishoprics, they preached a doctrine which has application in 1933-34, and in a sense foreshadowed our days of "financial interpretation of abundance in terms of scarcity, the correlated refusal to provide the means of life except as a return for labor which is not required, the consequent crushing and thwarting of human power, the harrowing of millions of minds, the introduction of the twin palliatives of birth control at one end and suicide at the other". It is thus the social significance of the Oxford Movement which makes it apposite to our times; it is the reminder that man, when unilluminated by the religious sense of a common need and a shared destiny, is the prime menace to man, which gives the Movement dynamic spiritual meaning to-day. We may boggle at terms and dogmas; we may still search, like Newman, for our peculiar *via media*; we may regard nine-tenths of the Tractarian controversy as solely a problem for the historian. But insofar as it constituted a warning

against a dehumanizing and secularist worship of materialistic liberalism, it still has an authentic voice in a world of social and economic menace, a menace which, "though it provides itself with specious explanations, is actually," as Mr. Peck concludes, "the lunacy of hell".

by S. Ichiye Hayakawa

DAWN IN CANADA

THE SHROUDING. By Leo Kennedy; Macmillan & Co., Ltd., Toronto. 1934. \$1.50.

The publication in February, 1934 of Leo Kennedy's *The Shrouding* is an important event in Canadian poetry. For some time now, through the pages of *The Canadian Forum*, *Queen's Quarterly*, and through some of the younger reviews in the United States, the group of literary insurgents who steered *The Canadian Mercury* through six or seven numbers to an early and inglorious death have been becoming increasingly articulate. A. J. M. Smith has been publishing steadily his own brand of metaphysical verse; Leon Edel, after having published two books in France on Henry James, is now on the *Montreal Herald*, and appears regularly in the better journals of literature and opinion; Abraham Klein, the most erudite and original poet of the group, has been attracting much favorable notice, and Professor E. K. Brown of Toronto has recently gone so far as to call him the best and most promising Canadian poet alive, in an article in the *SÉWANEE REVIEW*. Other members of that old *Mercury* group are also writing steadily, although in comparative obscurity. But there is every reason to believe that they will leave a memorable mark on Canadian letters. The *Mercury* group has not died.

Mr. Kennedy's volume is important first, because he is, as

former editor of the *Mercury* and centre of the group, a leader of the movement; secondly, because he is the first of them to bring out an independent volume of verses; and lastly, because although the volume is small, it contains that which many of us have long despaired of ever finding in any volume of Canadian verse, a genuine distinctiveness of flavor.

Mr. Kennedy's range of subject-matter is narrow. And many poets before him have talked about the things he concerns himself with. He writes of the same miracle that has deeply concerned Elinor Wylie and T. S. Eliot, and many other modern neo-metaphysical poets: the miracle of life feeding upon death—the recurrent resurrections that are April:

Each pale Christ stirring underground
Splits the brown casket of its root,
Wherefrom the rousing soil upthrusts
A narrow, pointed shoot,

And bones long quiet under frost
Rejoice as bells precipitate
The loud, ecstatic sundering,
The hour inviolate.

The chief trouble with this sort of thing is likely to be, in the hands of younger writers not yet escaped from their "influences", a factitious "literariness". Very few of the younger poets are capable of managing this and analogous matters with real conviction and feeling. It is Mr. Kennedy's peculiar and distinguishing achievement that he has handled this life-in-death theme, not only with extraordinary ingenuity and variety, but frequently with passion and sincerity. In such poems as his opening "Epithalium", there is a tight, hard felicity of phrasing that is rare and surprising. In "Anguish Outworn" the trappings of undertaking parlors—of "mortician's" establishments—are made the scene of dark but lyrical comment on the idea of Lazarus and his forthcoming return to life;

... the oaken coffin and the pall ...
The rented purple hangings in the hall
Over the torn wallpaper ... and the frail
Blossoms of candles sepulchral pale ...
Frozen with sorrow, Mary sits alone
and thinks of Lazarus within the stone,
her brother, silent in a winding sheet
awaiting Christ, awaiting the fall of feet,
awaiting the whispered, Come forth, Lazarus,
and only hears the rattling of a hearse.

Another feature of Mr. Kennedy's verse worthy of remark is his strangely personal approach to nature. Nature to him appears in sharply cut sensations; the conventional aspects of nature occur to him not at all. Trilliums and bloodroot, the gull's throat against the wind, the sharp thrust of green that emerges from tulip-bulbs, the patterns of seabird's feet on the sand; such are the sensations that occupy his attention.

If I speak charily of wheeling gulls,
And coast winds blowing freshly at low tide,
It is because a sea-bred fit annuls
My sober preference for this safe hearthside; . . .
I am reminded how the rain's tooth gnaws
Through oaken planks of hulks along the beach; . . .
. . . taste, as ghostly mews wing strongly south,
Salt in the heart, and sand against the mouth.

After the glib cadences and wishy-washy Tennysonianisms of our native warblers, this closeness of perception, this sharply-defined vision, comes as a welcome portent in Canadian literature. The writings of Smith, Klein, and E. J. Pratt of Toronto share this revolt against the facile sentimentalities of our elder bards, Lampman, Scott, Carman, and their ilk.

Mr. Kennedy is a young poet; he is only twenty-six. The contents of his first volume are not uniformly excellent, but the faults they contain are not indications of weakness of poetic fibre. Over-compression, occasional preciosity of metaphor, too close an attention to details not always relevant—these are defects which increasing maturity will take care of. Mr. Kennedy is a phrase-maker; sometimes the phrase gets away from him. But the intimate concern with technical excellence that this defect indicates, coupled with a remarkable sensitiveness of ear give promise of great work.

But it is not to be thought that *The Shrouding* is notably merely for the promise of better things. A number of lyrics in this volume are finished, expert pieces of work. "Hyacinths for Hadrian", "Mendelian Theory", "Shore", "The Haunted", and a half-a-dozen other poems are splendid craftsmanship, and first-rate poetry. Occasional triumphs of compressed statement such as

And 'God', emits the swooning brain,
And 'Love' taps out the heart,
And 'Death', concludes the failing breath,
To bid corruption start . . .

attest to a mastery of technique and an immediate of passion reminiscent of the best seventeenth century writers. While his "Soliloquy for Bells" is a *tour de force* in tone study little short of superb.

Bells in this steeple drip with sound
When ushering a bride;
And dully toll with clumsy tongues
When man or maid is dead.
For souls new-sprung and laved in grace
They fling ecstatic peals;
Announce each novice to the font
In liquid syllables.
They stammer through the Angelus;
Drowse out the Vesper's note;
Flute matins thinly; sigh and swoon
When Christ is lifted up.

The Montreal group has started out auspiciously with this volume of Mr. Kennedy's. Macmillans are to be congratulated upon bringing to the public the first of their representatives. Meanwhile Abraham Klein and Art Smith are still to be found only in fugitive periodicals. It is to be hoped that some publisher will soon be bold enough to venture on bringing out some of their work too. In the impassioned erudition of Klein's presentation of urban Montreal, and in thoroughly modern temper of Smith's delicately chiseled metaphysical verse, as well as in the verbal richness and strange intensity of Kennedy, a new and vigorous spirit informs Canadian literature. It would be an amusing irony if after all these years of the fanning of feeble poetic sparks in authors' associations and the naming of successive versifiers of advanced age the "fathers of Canadian poetry", the real poetic stuff of Canada came from this small group of enthusiastic youngsters who first found their poetic feet by damning each other's verses over glasses of beer in the Prince of Wales Hotel taproom, on McGill College Avenue, Montreal.

by Edgar L. Pennington

ANSWERS

WHAT MEN ARE ASKING: *Some Current Questions in Religion.* By Henry Sloane Coffin. The Cole Lectures for 1933, delivered at Vanderbilt University. Cokesbury Press, Nashville. (18½ cm. pp. 196).

The current questions with which Dr. Coffin, the president of the Union Theological Seminary, deals are six in number. "Where can we start in our religious thinking to-day, when the bottom has dropped out of all that we used to consider solid?" "Of what use is religion anyhow?" "Does any man know God?" "Can Jesus be accepted as authoritative in our complex civilization and culture?" "What is meant by spirituality, or, what makes a man spiritual?" "What do you mean by God?"

In discussing the first question, the author says that we are living in an irreligious age. We have lost our pre-wartime optimism: we realise our helplessness to control our own inventions humanely; we do not have the old confidence in the inherent goodness of human nature; we know that we are powerless before the forces of propaganda and aggressive industrialism. The result has been, hopelessness—aimlessness. Now that the bottom has dropped out of that which has been deemed solid, there is the more need of fresh insights, or rather a freshening of an old and continuing revelation. For Christians, that revelation is found in Jesus Christ. "Start with Him." "The structure of our thought," says Dr. Coffin, "must be our own, and into its building will go all the knowledge of our time; but its inspiration throughout must be from Him, and His mind must dominate and be apparent everywhere."

In this practical age, it is common to ask the use of religion. This question, however, betrays a point of view which precludes a satisfactory answer. "God is not a utility. Friendship will not open its door to the man who keeps asking of acquaintances: 'Of what service can this man be to me?'" Similarly, the man who approaches the holiest relation of all, expecting to use the Lord of

heaven and earth for his purposes, debars himself from real communion. Still, friends often prove of greatest service; even so, God is of the utmost service to His children, whether they are aware of Him or not. There are three factors with which every man must reckon—the universe, fellow-mortals, and himself. The world is a difficult place, full of threats and pains; but the Christian faith may be world-transforming, “sending us out to master every hostile physical factor,” and world-transcending, enabling us to go down in the struggle, confident of a yet friendlier place in the Father’s many-mansioned house. Our fellow-mortals are both assets and liabilities, and man at his highest finds himself isolated. “He stretches out his hand for comradeship, and feels empty space at his fingertips. Then he reaches up, and is steadied and encouraged by the clasp of the hand of God.” Man’s own qualities determine his heaven or hell. Man is a conglomeration of the divine and the diabolical. But religion adjusts men to the eternal purpose. What our generation most needs is a renewal and release of spiritual energy. It is the lack of religion which accounts for the brutality of modern business methods and the futility and boredom so visible about us.

We mortals are so insignificant that the thought of a personal friendship with God might seem an outrageous presumption. But the religious of all the ages have been sure of it. They have known themselves friends of God: and they have found their advances reciprocated. God makes Himself known to those who seek Him.

Can a teacher of the past be considered a final authority in this changed and much changing world? Why should a Galilean of the first century dominate the faith and life of to-day? Is Jesus authoritative? In discussing this topic, Dr. Coffin declares that Christ was not a giver of laws but a maker of consciences. “His main concern is not to supply new beliefs or new rules, but to produce new men.” Therefore, it is irrelevant to quibble over the originality of His sayings. When we examine His “authority” more closely, however, we find three things. “By discontenting us with anything in ourselves or in society which is at variance with him, He becomes for us the authority on the *goal* of a man’s life with God.” He defined the means of attaining this goal—the way of faith, hope, and love. Lastly, He furnished His followers

with the *resources* available for this advance—courage, patience, wisdom, and power.

The word "spirituality" is used rather vaguely and loosely. It would be well to analyse certain Biblical characters, expressly credited with spiritual gifts. Samson, Bezalel, Stephen, and Barnabas furnish diverse types, yet they are all labelled "spiritual" in the scriptural narrative. There are traits which they possess in common, none the less, and such traits enable us to determine the meaning of the word. Consecration, inspiration, a receptivity to external truth, and a social consciousness. In the family, in the Church, in the nation, man is impotent without the spiritual quality.

Lastly, man's conception of God must remain incomplete. No man hath seen God at any time: but those who have witnessed His manifestations cannot doubt His existence. "We can never *comprehend* Him, but we can more and more *apprehend* Him." Dr. Coffin says that God is "that creative Spirit behind and in the universe, to whom we are indebted for what is given us and for the capacities by which we can add to the creation." As such, He is accessible to all men; "but it is tragically possible to be pre-occupied with other things, unaware of Him, and to spend our days in poverty-stricken godlessness."

by Arthur DuBois

NEWMAN VERSUS FROUDE

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND WILLIAM FROUDE, F. R. S.: *A Correspondence*. By Gordon Huntington Harper. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1933. Pp. xlix 222. \$2.00.

The surprising fact of the matter is that between William Froude, scientist, and John Henry Newman, priest, there actually was "correspondence". It made possible the letters, most of them previously unpublished, which are the groundwork of this well-

written book. In them is revealed a story stranger than fiction, the tale of two very complex, intellectual, "liberal" men leaning toward Truth in opposite directions so far and so earnestly that each could hardly help thinking that, like his friend, he himself might be a bit warped. Newman was unsure enough of himself to need to convert Froude; Froude, to wish not to interfere with the sinuating attempts of the magnetic Newman to convert members of his family, from his wife to his best-loved son, though the outcome of that conversion seemed to Froude against their best interests and even against their ultimate spiritual comfort.

On the one hand, Froude would have liked to "believe": it would have been easier, especially toward the latter part of his life, and he could not be sure either way beyond probability. On the other hand, if Newman could ever have converted Froude, the resolute scientist, he would have been so sure of Catholicism perhaps that he might forever after have rested from the labor of defending it. The conflict between these two high-minded men dramatizes an important feature of the 19th century—science-against-religion. Newman's influence over Froude's family, like his failure to win Froude himself, is something intense and strange and wrong, and this intensity is often heightened by ironic circumstances such as the defection of Father Suffield. The dedication of Newman's *Essays, Critical and Historical* to Froude, with all its attendant hesitations and reservations, is a high point in the tragic comedy of a bout for a decision. It is the midriff-blow which should have been decisive.

Mr. Harper pays little attention to the drama of the human situation or to the resulting ironies. He is in no way sensational in presenting these important letters, and is inclined to be specially sympathetic toward Newman, the more important figure. Perhaps wisely. In any case, he provides an illuminating introduction to the letters, and a running comment on them, which is always helpful and readable, and which sometimes bowls one over with the exact simplicity and kindliness of its exposition. "A Correspondence" is one of the subtlest novels I have read in a long time. And it actually happened and cannot be ignored in an account of the 19th century.

by Henry A. Pochmann

STOCK TAKING

AMERICAN LITERATURE: A Period Anthology. Oscar Cargill, general editor. 5 volumes. (*The Roots of National Culture*, by Robert E. Spiller, \$1.50; *The Romantic Triumph*, by Tremaine McDowell, \$1.50; *The Rise of Realism*, by Louis Wann, \$1.50; *The Social Revolt*, by Oscar Cargill, \$1.35; *Contemporary Trends*, by John H. Nelson, \$1.25.) New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933.

Professor Cargill and his associate editors offer in this exhibit of American literature what must come with something of a shock to those anglophiles who still regard American literature as little more than the illegitimate and wayward offspring of the English, for this five-volume anthology contains a mere 3,541 pages, in which are presented 877 selections, in both prose and verse representative of 195 authors. While one is not quite prepared to agree with the zealous youth in the advertising department of the house of Macmillan who declares this to be "the most ambitious compilation ever prepared for students' use in any field of literature", nor quite ready to disagree with the purist who contends that many of the three thousand or more pages are singularly devoid of that "sweetness and light" upon which a small minority (be it said in their honor) still insist, one inference is nevertheless inevitable; namely, that American literature has arrived, or is definitely on the road to doing so. Fifty years ago a five-volume anthology for students' use (had any one projected it) would have been laughed to scorn.

The anthology achieves a unity often missed in collaborative undertakings of this kind; the introductions to the several volumes, while almost incisive in style, are entirely adequate guide-posts for the students; the notes (biographical, bibliographical, and explanatory) are ample. More text-books prepared with the same thought and care might do much to check the growing tendency among undergraduates to throw their books upon the second-hand market the moment their course-marks have been recorded in the registrar's office.

by Frances W. Knickerbocker

THE MERRY SCHOLAR

IMITATION AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Charles Hall Grandgent. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1933. Pp. 190.

This little book discloses two aspects of its author. The long title essay, made up of two lectures given at University College, London, is a learned but lucid defence of philology and a discussion of the part played by imitation in the growth of language. Philology would need fewer defenders if it were always so humanely expounded. "Imitation" is the work of the distinguished scholar whose texts on phonetics and language are standards in their field.

The other essays belong with *Prunes and Prisms* and *Getting a Laugh*, genial, discursive, personal essays, brimming with wit and racy anecdote. The best bits are Professor Grandgent's reminiscences of the Boston of his childhood, of the books and theatres he has so keenly enjoyed, and of his beloved haunts, from Paris to the Maine coast. There are memorable bits of description, like the swarms of sea-gulls that "condense from the air" the instant after one solitary has discovered food.

The two aspects of this pleasant book are not separate: for the learned title essay is sprinkled with wit, and the personal ones with learning, and both with ripe, genial wisdom. And all are characteristic of a grave and witty scholar, whose solemn tones utter side-splitting jests.